

SPY

July-August 1993



The
**Brave
New
Dave!**
AN EXCLUSIVE
PREVIEW

Steven
Seagal
Man of
Dishonor
A SPY SPECIAL REPORT

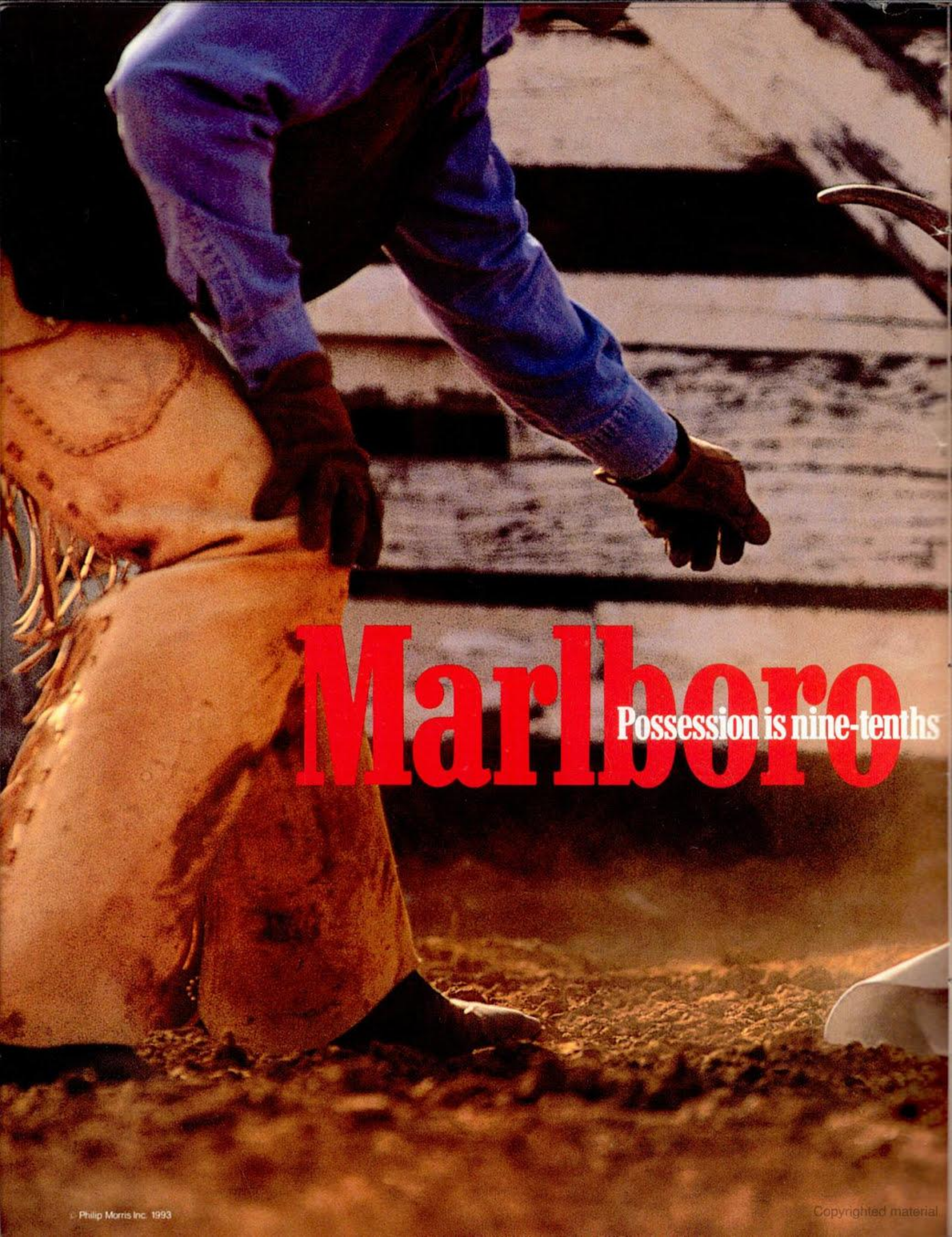
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NOT QUITE AS LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN

► Whither Letterman? Will the new, rechanneled Dave be a mild and crazy guy? What wacky characters will the Emperor of Irony create? In SPY's official guide for CBS network affiliates, the answers to all these questions and more are provided by CBS chairman Larry "Bud" Tisch. By LISA BIRNBACH, LARRY DOYLE, JOANNE GRUBER, LINDA HALL, JAMIE MALANOWSKI, LARISSA MACFARQUHAR, DANIEL RADOSH and CHARLIE RUBIN..... 33

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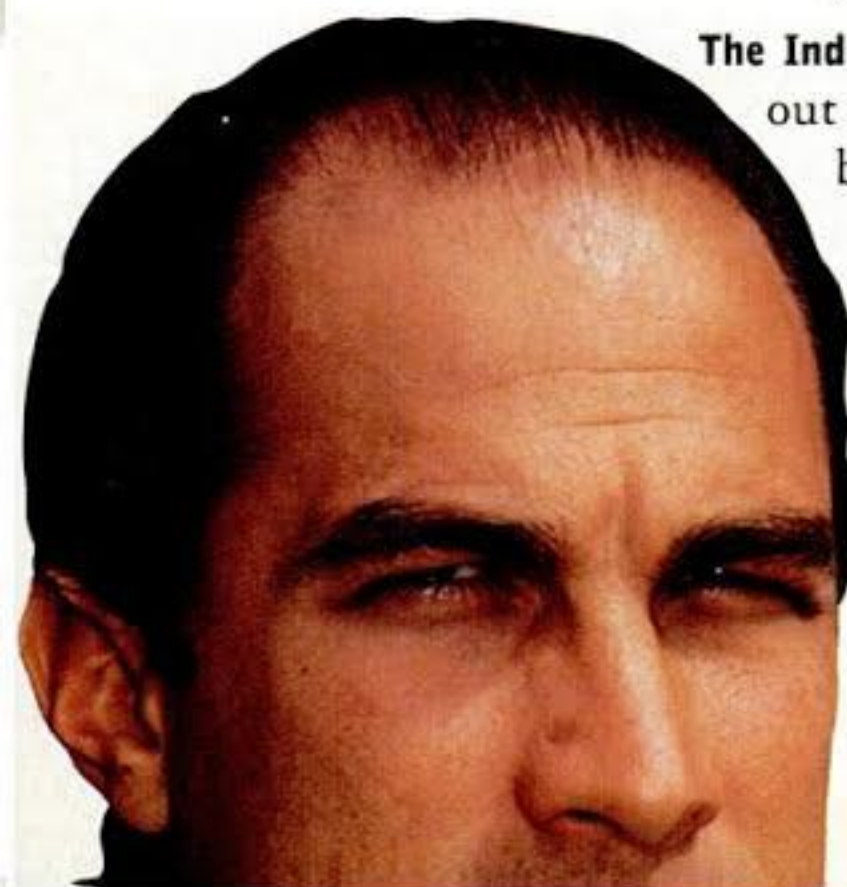
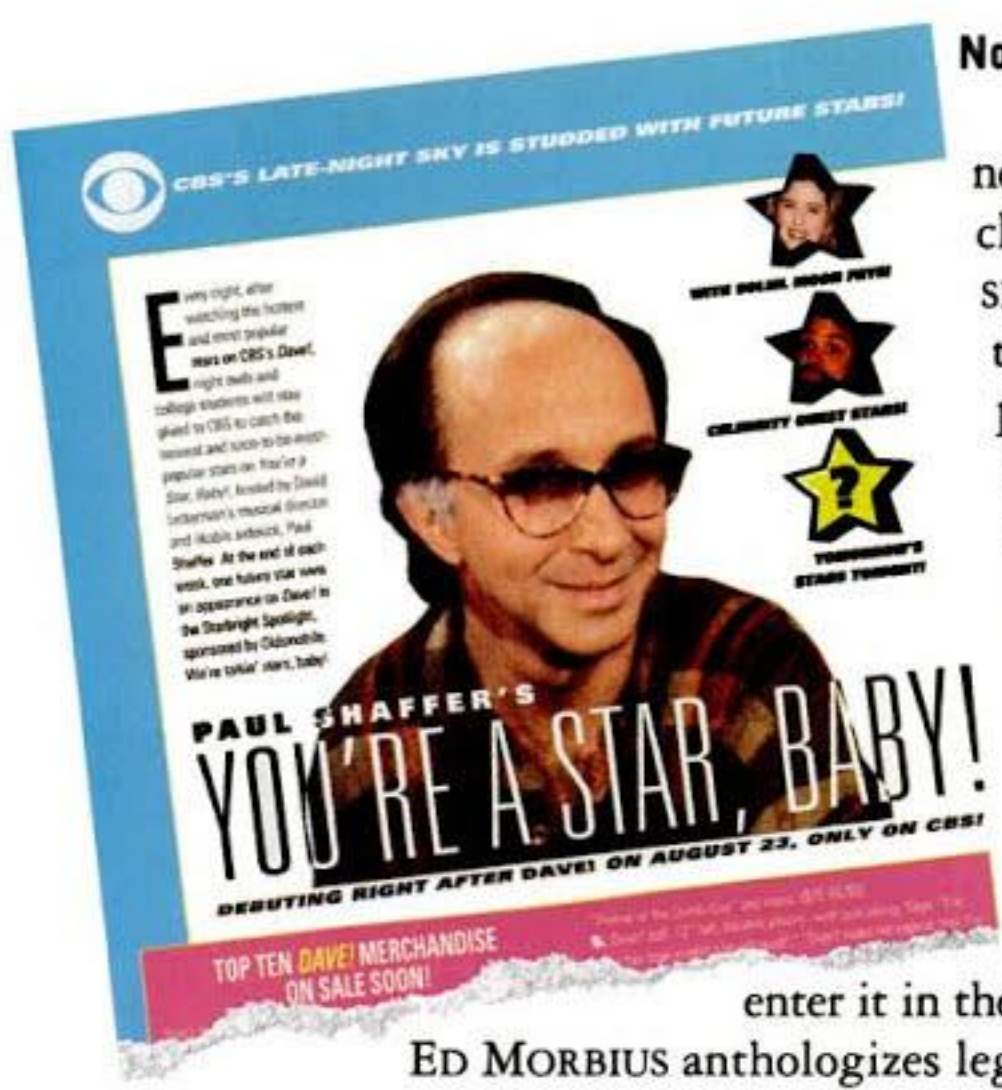
ABOVE THE LAW, BUT NOT BEYOND IT

► Steven Seagal's *Under Siege* firmly established him as a bankable action star. But what kind of action? And how did his star rise so fast? JOHN CONNOLLY's in-depth investigation of an actor who likes to call himself "a man of honor" reveals him to be anything but..... 56

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Ad Agency: Scratch and sniff?

Client: Everyone hates that...especially me.

Ad Agency: Girls in bikinis?

Client: That's original.

Ad Agency: Maybe we need more time.



This One



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Just being the best is enough.

Great Expectations

Dog days



DOG DAYS ARE UPON US, ALL HOT AND FOAMY, AND SITTING OUT HERE IN THE MIDDAY SUN, AS WE ARE WONT TO DO, THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS OUR DISTEMPER

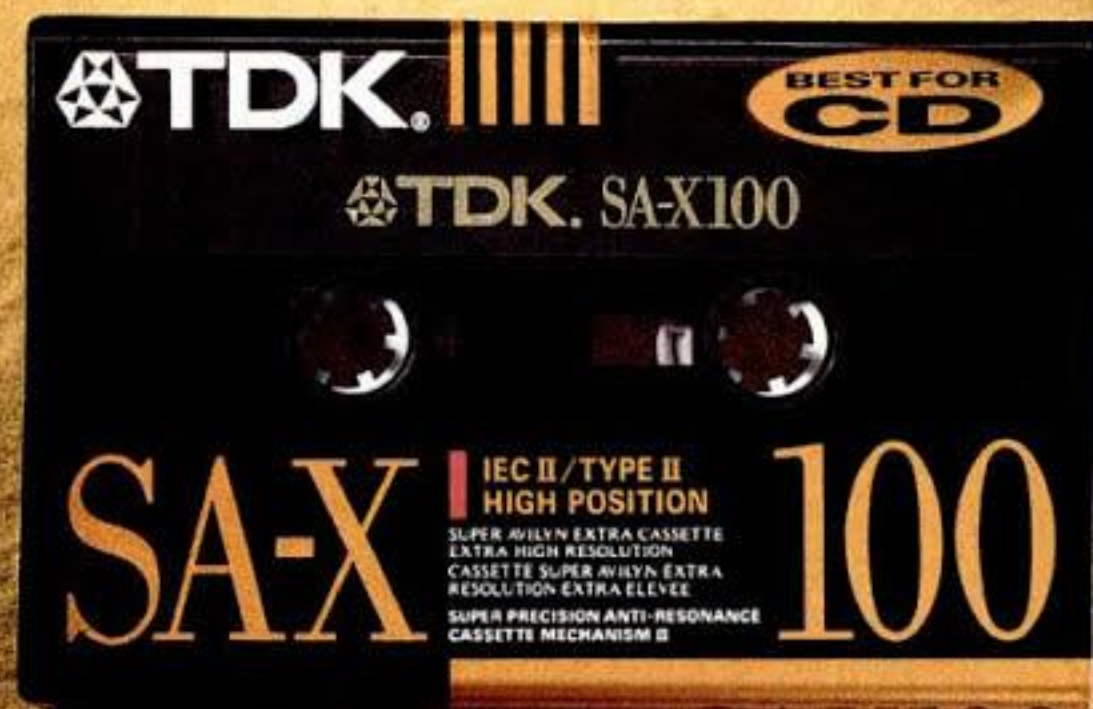
down is this song we can't get out of our head. It's "New York, It Ain't Over!," the gritty little ditty we New Yorkers have been muttering infectiously ever since it edged out "New York, Everything Must Go!" and "New York, You'll Have to Kill Us All!" as the city's latest last-gasp promotional foray. Offhand, we'd say the best way to attract tourists to New York would be to stop stabbing them on the subways, but there's no denying that "Ain't Over"—a Denise Rich (music and lyrics)—Bobby Zarem (publicity) collaboration—has got a stick-to-the-roof-of-your-skull-stop-it-stop-it-stop-it musical hook: "It

ain't over, New York, New York/It ain't over/It ain't over, New York, New York/It ain't over." 🚗🚗🚗 Catchy, yes, but it raises the musical question, *New York, over or ain't?* 🚗🚗 After Transit Authority buses struck and killed bicyclist Francisco Ramos, 40, and pedestrian Lewis Drag Oper, 67, on Manhattan streets over a single weekend, T.A. spokesman Termaine Garden said, "We believe this is a coincidence, not a trend"—*over*. That same week, Keron Thomas, 16, of Brooklyn got past Transit Authority security and commandeered an A train for 45 miles without killing anyone—*ain't*. COPS ARREST KID, 10, IN SCOOTER CRACK SALE—*over*. ELVIS MAY HELP SAVE COMA BOY—*ain't*. Five days after being charged with shooting his 81-year-old, wheelchair-bound mother in Queens, Harold Green, 45, asked to be let out of jail for the day to attend her funeral—*over*. The request was denied—*ain't*. New York-area students are increasingly using box-cutting razors to learn more about cooperation and facial anatomy, according to *The New York Times*; they also develop skills that will become useful in their tried-as-an-adult life, smuggling the weapons into school "by tucking them inside notebooks, brassieres and even elaborate hairdos"—*over*. In the Bronx, 270 fourth- and fifth-graders who expected to see *The Little Mermaid* were instead accidentally shown a pornographic



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AS SERIOUS AS YOU CAN GET

TDK

Great Expectations

film depicting oral sex (not, apparently, *The Little Spermaid*, but something less classy); reassuringly, the children cried and vomited rather than laughing and mocking the technique—*ain't*. "Yesterday your child was stuck by what I believe was a 'syringe' which was found by a student in the street," read a sloppily handwritten note sent home with 14 fifth-graders from P.S. 46 in Manhattan. "It is important that your child is medically checked by a physican as soon as possible"—*over*. A woman on a roof of a building on the Upper East Side observed a man "exposing himself and masturbating in full view." When she requested that he stop, the man politely declined, saying, "Hold on a minute. I'm almost done"—*ain't*. B'KLYN WOMAN, 71, AXED TO DEATH—*over*. COPS SEEKING A TWISTED L.I. CAT TORTURER—*ain't*. On the Brooklyn Bridge, a naked man running down

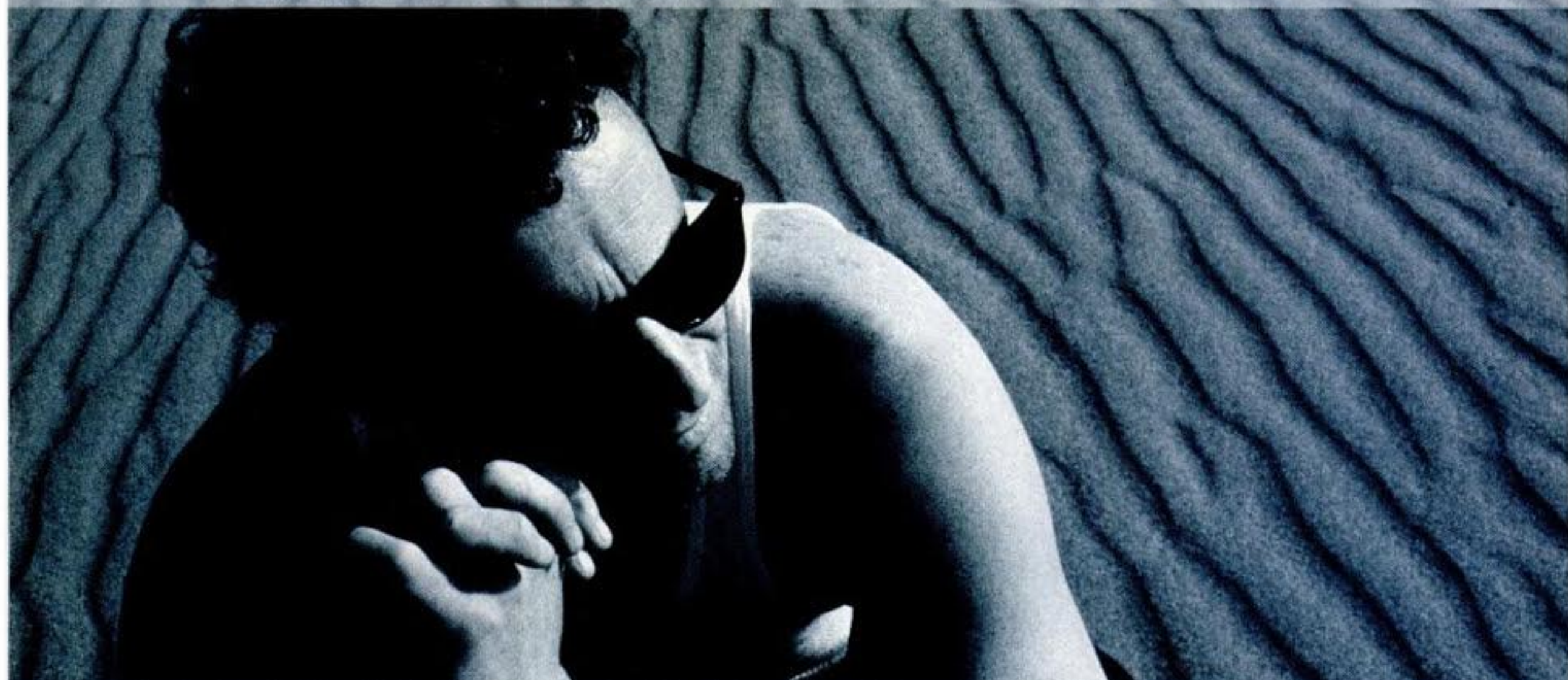
the eastbound lane yelling, "It's a beautiful morning. It's a great day!," was struck and killed by a hit-and-run driver—*over*. But it was indeed a beautiful day—*ain't*. Gas station attendant Muhamad Khokhar, 33, of Long Island was critically injured when Kenneth Augustine, 25, allegedly ran him over with a truck; then, as Khokhar lay bleeding, Augustine stole his wallet—*over*. Police said it was not clear that Augustine had run Khokhar over intentionally. "He could have hit him accidentally and then decided to take his wallet," Sergeant Edward Light said—*ain't*. Producer Arthur Whitelaw is looking for a permanent theater for the 1968 musical *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* in Manhattan. "We're looking for a space in New York where we could present two shows a day, back to back," he said—*over*. According to police, Johnny Hines, 39, attempted to steal a livery cab in Manhattan, but his escape was

thwarted when he ran into a pothole and crashed—*ain't*. Thomas Grasso, 30, of Long Island has asked the state of Oklahoma to execute him immediately for a 1990 murder rather than send him to New York to serve out a life sentence for a 1991 murder. Grasso explained, "I believe I know what is best for me"—*over*. "Everyone was wonderful," former celebrity Joey Heatherton gushed after an Upper East Side Good Samaritan tackled a ruffian who had snatched her purse. "That's what New York is all about, pulling together. It was so *real*"—*ain't*.

"It ain't over," the Rich-Zarem song inevitably ends, "till the fat lady sings." The last time we checked, Ms. Heatherton was not at all fat, but she'll do. Sing it, Joey:

*It ain't over, this ain't the end
It's just a coincidence, not a trend
It ain't over, we ain't through
Hold on a minute and enjoy the view
It ain't over, it's no done deal
New York, New York, it's so, so real! ♫*

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Letters to SPY

Unborn Again

Thanks to your article on the antichoice movement's fetus-snatching fetish ["Fetus Frenzy," by Carol Vinzant, May], I've come up with a solution to this entire abortion issue. Instead of abortion clinics, we can set up "transfer clinics." Every member of the right-to-life movement can get an unwanted fetus transferred into him (I'm sure modern science can find a way to make this possible) or her. Once the nine months are up, if the right-to-lifer finds that an actual child is a much greater burden than a fetus, he or she can always dump the child on the social system.

*Sherry Harper
Richmond, Virginia*

Yours was the best article on prolifers yet. I think it accurately represented the far right's feelings, and it's about time they got the press they deserve.

*Laura Barnes
Goleta, California*

"Fetus Frenzy" showed the aggressive user mentality of the prolifers. Tim Murphy says somebody in his "body find" group thought fetuses would probably *want* their bodies to be used as a shock tactic. These fetuses may or may not have been people before they were aborted, or stillborn as some were, but they are not alive and never had a capacity for choice. It is wrong to speak for what they would want done with their corpses. Perhaps they should be decently buried or cremated, and not disposed of by medical-waste companies, but for prolifers to use them is inappropriate and criminal. These individuals, like the prolifer

who shot and killed the Florida doctor, weaken an influential movement that can change people's attitudes with one small action.

*Matthew Swigart
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan*

Fat Chat

Some of us would like nothing better than to rush into Limbaugh with you [Live White Male, by Roy Blount Jr., May], but consider that he, like Morton Downey Jr., may soon be history anyway. Like the loudmouthed kid in everyone's sixth-grade class, he might just become someone you barely recall if he isn't encouraged. On the other hand, he might just go on and on if he keeps getting attention.

*Don Ogden
Leverett, Massachusetts*

Your magazine has a lot of nerve. In your May issue you allowed smug Ur-bubba Roy Blount Jr., as well as nit-picking journalistic gadfly T. W. Irwin [Review of Reviewers], to take potshots at ovoid conservative icon Rush Limbaugh, while *at the same time* stealing two of Rush's own gags for your cover and your lead story ["Why Is This Man Lying?"]. Rush was using a computer-enhanced "Clinocchio" on his television show as early as last summer. And the list of Clinton's lies is a fixture of Rush's "Limbaugh Letter" as well as his radio and TV shows. The next time you bite the hand that feeds you, at least have the courtesy to identify the hand.

*Larry Shackley
Wheaton, Illinois*

While Mr. Limbaugh may indeed have been the very first person ever to depict a politician with a long Pinocchio nose since

From the SPY Mailroom



It must be the heat. How else to explain a letter addressed to "spy magazine, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003" that says, "Please send us the address of spy magazine"? It seems that a Charles Baker of Iola, Kansas, had requested this information of *The Kansas City Star's* "At Your Service" column, which "hunts down answers and stands up for readers' rights when their best efforts fail," and the column wrote to us. While we're mystified as to what Mr. Baker's best efforts consisted of on this matter, what we really want to know is just who At Your Service had in mind when it wrote us, "If you cannot provide direct assistance, perhaps you know of someone else we can write."

Well, you *could* try writing to "Mr. Spy," just as a certain Mr. The New Yorker does. Mr. The New Yorker dropped us a card the other day featuring a delightful cartoon fellow behind a desk with the caption LOOK AT THE GREAT OFFER WE HAVE FOR MR. SPY! Or you might write to *Sex Magazine*; we recently got a magazine addressed to them delivered to us. Unfortunately, that magazine was *Travel Weekly*.

If you're going to confuse spy with another magazine, it might as well be *Stereo Review*. Matthew Sullivan of Houston subscribes to both and noticed that one of our favorite recent correspondents, James C. McCool of Westland, Michigan (May), is also writing to them. McCool obviously got his letters mixed up—he must have meant to call the editors of *Stereo Review* "snotty, pin-dicked misfits" and to ask spy how to go about recording CDs onto videotape. Good thing we caught his error, because *Stereo Review's* answer, while loaded with all the right words, was wrong. The correct answer is "McCool, you dork, ►

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the beginning of time, it doesn't seem appropriate to give him credit for it, since he is so fat.

Regarding your May Review of Reviewers, I would like to inform you that SPY is not in any position to call *any* publication (even the myopic *American Spectator*) "irrelevant." Al Sharpton's belly-button lint has more to contribute to society than your glib magazine.

Also, in reference to Live White Male, I would like to congratulate Mr. Blount on his originality in calling Rush Limbaugh "fat." Might I suggest a new name for his column: "A Keen Grasp of the Obvious."

Alex Kudolev

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Huge congratulations on Roy Blount Jr.'s column about Rush Limbaugh. Blount hit the nail on its (very fat) head. I have written to Limbaugh on several occasions and have yet to be blessed with a reply. All I did was ask about his military service and college experience. Maybe you folks could find out for me? Anyway, keep up the good work.

Kenneth Pakman

Hatboro, Pennsylvania

According to Current Biography, Limbaugh attended a local college in Missouri but left after one year to pursue other interests. These presumably did not include the military, since he's so fat.

Camille Foe

If by inviting Camille Paglia to be a regular columnist ["Ask Camille Paglia: Advice for the Lovelorn, Among Others," *Naked City*] you are laughing at her, then I am laughing right along with you—I find her extraordinarily amusing. And the H. Rodham Clinton cover [February] was not immediately offensive to me, but Dr. Lynne Friedman [Letters to SPY, April] did make an excellent point regarding sexualizing female

QDW

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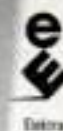
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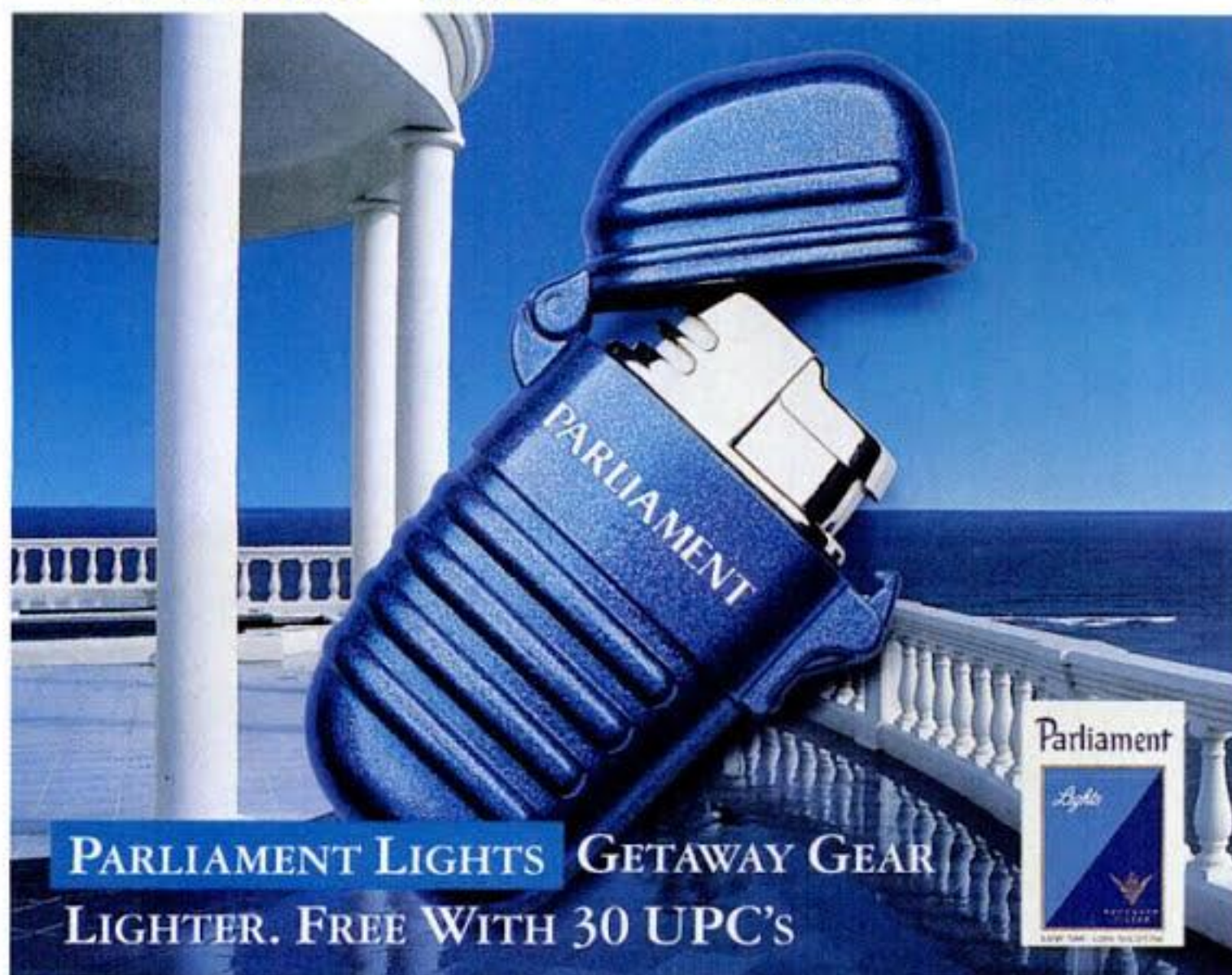
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you can't see music."

McCool isn't the only familiar name this month. Yes, it's time for the inevitable-as-Taso-Lagos mention of Kingwood High School in Kingwood, Texas. (Are any of our longtime readers starting to think Hunter College High School?) We're heartened to hear, finally, that *someone* out there has heard of purported Kingwood alum Dave Hicks. Dana Barnes of Athens, Georgia, writes, "I once worked with Dave, and he truly embodies the spirit of SPY—wittiness that offends the masses, laced with snobbery. Do yourselves a favor and hire that man!" (Not so fast—is he pin-dicked?) Then there's Nicki Harrison of San Francisco, who offers helpfully that in high school Dave "was a nerd" but then opens ever wider the Pandora's box that is Kingwood High School with "Is there a David Hillman out there in your reading public? He used to write me love poems during homeroom. One poem, as I recall, ended with 'Let's do it in vegetable oil.'" Nicki's writing her own poetry now; the first line of one she shared with us was, "i dreamed i was fucking bill clinton." Are you satisfied, David?

Let's put aside the letters about previous letter writers for just a moment and look at one that, glory be, refers to something that appeared elsewhere in SPY. D. Knorr of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, has forwarded a page from Tiffany's mail-order catalog that offers a \$4,975 ring remarkably similar to the one worn by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in our May Big Pictures. "If I had Jackie's ring," Knorr asks, "would I be the most elegant woman in Elkhorn?" Sadly, yes.

We almost got out, but they keep pulling us back in. Jack Lattemann of Portland has sent a copy of the *Puget Consumers Co-op Sound Consumer* that includes photos of candidates for the co-op's board of trustees. The Pacific Northwest being involved, we already know what's coming, and there it is, third from the right. "Do I get credit for a Taso Lagos sighting," Lattemann says, "or has the season of Lagos come and gone?" Yes; never. ☺

power. I would just like to add, though, that sexualizing female power is not intrinsically sexist, but it is sexist in the context of a society where every aspect of womanhood is sexualized and objectified. I laugh and learn something all in one magazine. Keep up the good work.

Angela Zink

Mountain View, California

Thanks, honey.

After I read "Ask Camille Paglia" in my second issue of SPY, I had to ask myself, *Do the benefits of subscribing to SPY outweigh the costs?* Counting the pieces by Celia Brady, Larry Doyle and others, of course they do. Paglia was probably hired as a result of some charitable impulse or affirmative-action quota. I imagine her among the rejected finalists for similar ask-a-moron jobs at *Parade* (where we can "Ask Marilyn," the Guinness-certified genius) and *USA Weekend* (where we can "Ask Arnold," the reactionary Austrian pinup model), though Paglia could surely outcompete anyone else in the fields of intellectual opportunism and smug self-promotion.

William Steele

Old Town, Maine

Other Voices, Other Letters

Thanks for the Michael Jackson cover [April]. My eight-year-old daughter, Michaela, who adores Mr. Jackson, took such offense at it that she ripped it up. As punishment I told her she'd have to buy me another copy out of her allowance money. She said she'd be too embarrassed to buy SPY and offered me \$5 instead. I'm no dummy, so I took the \$5. Now all you have to do is give me two more good covers and I'll be able to renew my subscription. Here are some of my daughter's other heroes: Mickey Mouse, Mariah Carey, Janet Jackson, Cindy Kent (her third-grade teacher), Cindy Crawford, Bill Clinton and Hillary Rodham Clinton (I mistakenly

didn't show her the Hillary cover and have since misplaced it).

Vincent Flanders

Bakersfield, California



Regarding your article "U.S.A. Tomorrow: Yikes! Are We the Next Bosnia-Herzegovina?" [by Daniel Radosh and Timothy Long, April], how dare you exclude us from your geographic equation? We defined the word *succession* [sic] with action, not talk. Even now, if we only had the horses...

Charles Edward Foiles

Sons of Confederate Veterans

Chesapeake, Virginia

...you would lose again.

My nephew, Peter Dekom, "Hollywood superlawyer" [The Industry, by Celia Brady, April], does indeed make "awful puns." He makes them all the way to the bank.

Anton K. Dekom

President

Profit Management Associates

Kissimmee, Florida

Kissimmee? I kissa you! Get it? Oh, never mind—just send us a check.

SPY welcomes letter from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. D

Correction

Credit for last month's cover was inadvertently omitted: Paintbox photo composition of Arnold Stegogger (June) by John Millo, FCL/Colorspace, New York. D

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Shoot the Flute Player

With the enormous box office from *Indecent Proposal*, the not-complete flopping of *Sliver*, a cozy family-style executive roster and a very good relationship with the editor of *Variety*, it's no wonder Paramount Communications chairman Stanley Jaffe is feeling frisky these days. Certainly having confidante Sherry "I Make Feminist Films" Lansing at the motion-picture helm is, for Jaffe, like having another member of the family feeding at the trough.

Indeed, Lansing got off to a good, fresh start on the Paramount lot, conscientiously moving into the chairman's office a few days before her first day of work. Unfortunately, this early move confused Jaffe, who—according to a story making the rounds here—wondered where the movers had put all former chairman Brandon Tartikoff's stuff. He was told Tartikoff had been moved temporarily into Frank Mancuso Jr.'s old office. *I don't want him in that office with all that furniture!*, Jaffe reportedly snapped. *Give him a snack table and a lawn chair! That's all he needs!*

Perhaps it was this quick-to-the-punch, can-do ability of Jaffe's to solve the important problems that enabled Paramount to effectively control the publicity surrounding *Sliver*. Remember that much-publicized last-minute reshooting? Remember how it was necessary because *the sex scenes were so incredibly hot*, and not because preview audiences hated the original ending? (As opposed to real audiences, which hated the whole movie.) But Paramount's major spin job was transforming Sharon Stone's image from despicable man-stealing slut to mere garden-variety home-wrecker. Damage from the notorious affair and subsequent engagement of Stone and *Sliver* executive producer Bill MacDonald was kept under control, thanks in part to Liz Smith and the PMK machine. Stories about Bill and newlywed wife Naomi's troubled marriage and fibs about the timing of the affair were leaked to make Stone

appear more sympathetic. In fact, the relationship had been going on since last winter. (In one endearingly tender, Hollywood-style moment, the jilted Naomi—now passed along to *Sliver* screenwriter Joe Eszterhas—confessed, *What really frustrates me is that I worked so hard to get Bill accepted into the inner circle.*)

But if you're Stanley Jaffe, who needs publicists anyway? At a top-level Paramount meeting in April about—what else?—how to end *Sliver* (someone suggested that killing the villain in a bloody hail of bullets would be most gratifying for audiences), the conversation inevitably turned to Stone's home-wrecking and its potential negative impact at the box office. "So we've got a new ending," Jaffe said, not entirely jocularly. "We'll shoot the bitch."

Trims and Ends: The good news spread fast. The Spur Posse, the

local group of teenage thugs best known for competitively molesting ten-year-old girls for points, was looking for representation—*talent*, not legal—all over town. After rejections from CAA and ICM, United Talent, which was interested in doing a story about the victims, spoke with the group and almost signed them; in the ensuing legal unpleasantness, UTA finally decided

to pass. But to many women

at UTA, this particular agent-client union didn't seem out of character at all....

John Hughes, set to produce the children's film *Baby's Day Out* for Fox, would naturally have been concerned about competition from the upcoming Warner's film *Good Dog Carl*, based on the popular children's-book series. Hughes proceeded to do what anyone in his situation would do: Apparently at Fox's urging, he managed to get himself involved in

Carl (as writer and possible director), and now the status of *Carl* (produced by Fox's Robert Lawrence), officially "in development," is unclear.

See you Monday night at Morton's; bring the kids. —Celia Brady



Sharon

Paramount transformed Stone's image from man-stealing slut to only a garden-variety home-wrecker

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FORGET VODKA WITH A TWIST. TRY SOME TWISTED VODKA.

BEYOND VODKA. KEEP EVOLVING.



Rahmbo: First Jerk

A businessman is sitting in his office when the muscle call comes in. His secretary hands him the phone, alarm in her eyes. A voice on the other end says, "The governor's gonna be in Chicago next week, and he wants to see you. Bring \$10,000 or don't come."

A 1930s gangster flick with Edward G. Robinson? Good guess, but wrong. It's a real-life episode in Bill Clinton's 1992 campaign for president of the United States, starring fundraising whiz boy and campaign finance director Rahm Emanuel, known to his ever-smaller circle of friends as Rahmbo.

In exchange for raising a record \$71 million for Clinton's campaign war chest, Rahmbo was awarded the job of political director at the White House, a position traditionally the domain of oleaginous, backslapping team players, and not guys who act like mobsters. Whatever role Rahmbo's playing in his second-floor West Wing offices, it isn't rallying political support for the president; if anything, Rahmbo has become an increasingly embarrassing symbol of Clinton's inability to work with Congress, or anyone. The feisty 33-year-old former ballet dancer is said to have an ego that matches any prima donna's, a vindictive streak that terrifies his underlings and enough personal political baggage to sink even a popular president.

"He's an egomaniac," says one longtime Rahm-watcher. "He's short-fused. The second anybody says something he disagrees with, he fucks them....There are ways of being a tough guy and [being] a bully; he doesn't know the difference."

Rahmbo sealed his mafiosolike reputation long before he raised big-money hackles on the campaign when he sent pollster Alan Secrest—with whom he'd worked during the 1988 congressional campaign—a rotting fish with a note attached that read, IT WAS AWFUL WORKING WITH YOU. LOVE, RAHM.

The aforementioned businessman

is just one of a number of megabucks campaign contributors still seething privately over the way they say Rahmbo trampled on their feelings. Out on the West Coast, Rahmbo's cavalier joking about pushing the "Jewish guilt button" is said to have gone over poorly. Rahmbo, who has strong ties to the Jewish community himself (having had Israeli dual citizenship until the age of 18), bullied his way past noted Democratic fundraiser Lew Wasserman and his cohorts, carping about how *these old Jews don't know what they're doing*. To make matters worse, "the night of the [fundraising] dinner comes along," one California fundraiser recalls, "and not only does Clinton not show up, but Lew hadn't even been invited."

Most of Rahmbo's foes have now scurried underground to mutter bit-

terly about what they claim is his outrageous behavior but about which they are afraid to complain openly. They charge that Rahmbo just happened to be sitting in the finance director's chair when the Clinton juggernaut started to roll. "A lot of people in the campaign would say he claimed credit for every bit of fundraising when it could have happened anyway," says one observer.

But Rahmbo's boss believes in him, and in Washington that's all that counts. He was deemed so important that his black limo—draped

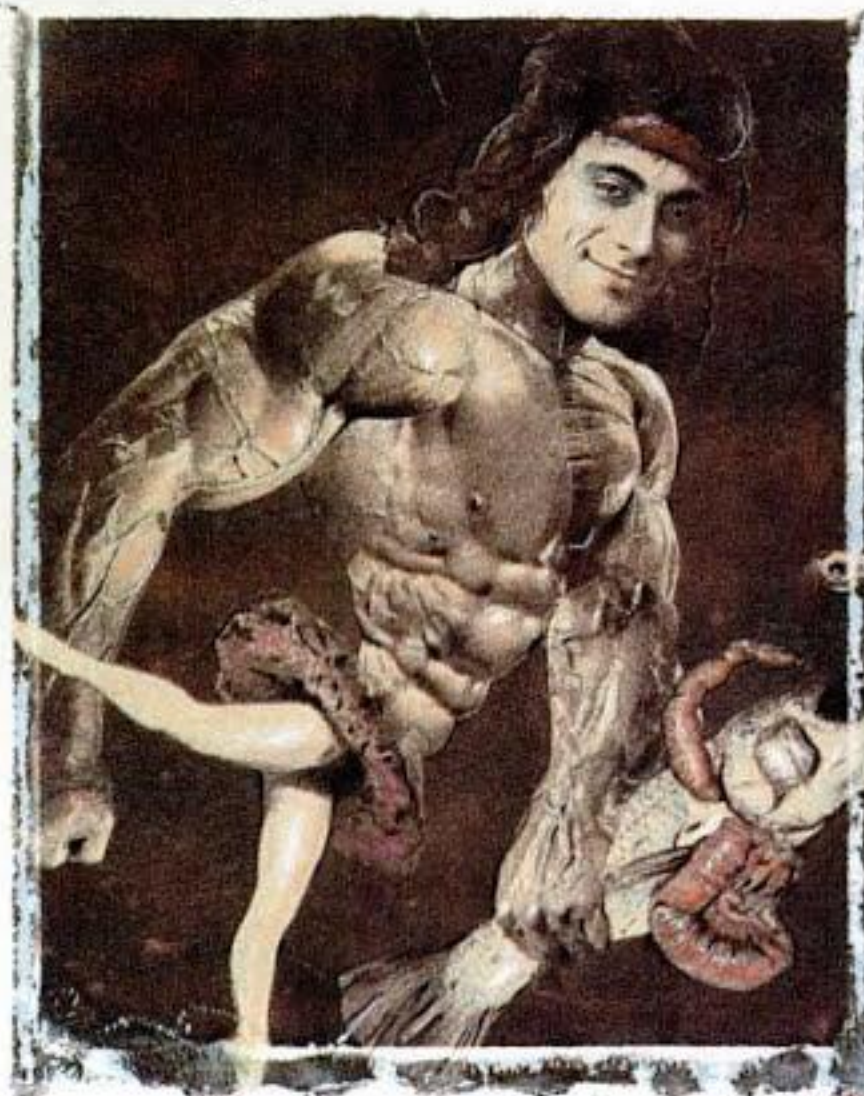
with a white banner bearing his name—actually led the inaugural parade down Pennsylvania Avenue. That's right. Ahead of the president's.

Rahmbo does have defenders. He's said to be very close to Chief of Staff Thomas F. "Mack" McLarty, whom he nicknamed the Macker.

Another supposed ally, an old-money Democratic Party contributor, offered, "Anybody at that age—it's awful

hard to have a clear mind tasting power for the first time. It's awful hard not to be seduced. All these people coming up to you, young girls wanting to go to bed with you."

As political director, Rahmbo's supposed to keep the troops "on



"There are ways of being a tough guy and [being] a bully; he doesn't know the difference"

message." But he's gotten off to a rocky start, as the administration veered "out of focus," as the president puts it. Rahm's appointment showed "an incredible lack of judgment on Clinton's part," says one Beltway veteran. "The political director is supposed to create a political base and support for what the president does. Someone's not doing his job."

Fortunately, at the marketing firm of Clinton & Clinton, the instincts of political directors don't set the political agenda anyway. The American people do—or, more precisely, focus groups of 10 to 15 American people do, along with any American people who are willing to allow overnight pollsters to interrupt their dinner.

Washington pollsters and political analysts say they are amazed at the amount of polling the Clinton administration has been doing. The president is said to take his numbers nightly, costing the

Democratic National Committee \$20,000 a pop to gauge the national mood. These scientific forays are supposed to help Clinton appease lunatic Perotists; the fact that they haven't has only seemed to increase the polling frenzy of White House wonks, who, like well-trained rats, keep furiously pressing the bar long after the treats have stopped coming.

Other administrations have done a fair amount of polling, notably Ronald Reagan's. But observers familiar with the way the Clinton team is using numbers profess to be astonished. Instead of reading the polls to determine what issues the public cares about, Clinton & Clinton has been using them to test the market with very specific proposals, to see what sells before even proposing it.

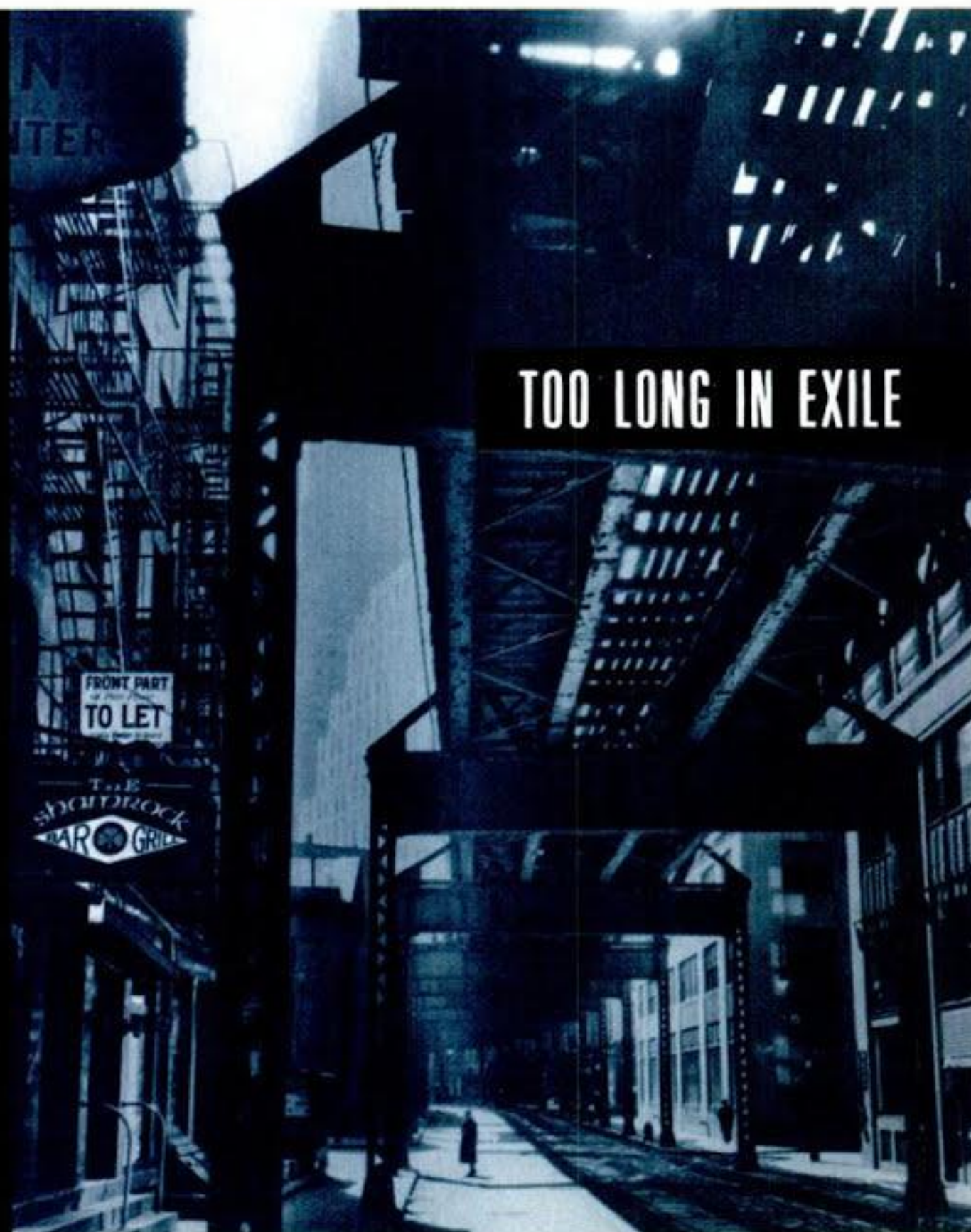
Before Clinton gave his I'm-gonna-raise-y'all's-taxes speech in February, pollsters asked half a dozen focus groups how they would like the idea presented to them.

They went for the idea that paying taxes was a patriotic duty, and so that's what Clinton said on national TV, only to discover that appeals to patriotism did poorly in the overnights. He removed the failed buzzwords from his State of the Union address. When his "stimulus package" wasn't going over well, American citizens just like yourself were paid \$25 for a chance to rename the policy. Now it's called a jobs bill. It's widely believed that Clinton's lower-than-a-snake's-belly profile immediately following the Waco snafu was to give him a chance to check overnight-tracking polls before deciding whom to blame (fortunately for Janet Reno, Americans called at random picked David Koresh).

At Clinton & Clinton, the pitch means more than the product. Mantras like *change*, *sacrifice* and *investment* are test-marketed, and only if they prove pleasing in the mall are they put in the president's mouth.

—Nina Burleigh

VAN MORRISON



TOO LONG IN EXILE

Capturing
a singular
artist at the
height of his
creative
powers.

Featuring
a duet of
GLORIA
with
John Lee
Hooker



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Jesus Sneaks

Stop! says Michael Medved, again. On the set of *Sneak Previews*, Medved's movie-critic fiefdom at WTTW Chicago, everybody stops. *We have to redo that*, he says. *The sponsor won't like it*. A producer takes Medved aside. *You can't talk like that, Michael. Remember? There is no sponsor.*

Who sponsors *Sneak Previews*? And more to the point, why would they want to keep it a secret? Not for the obvious reason—that nobody wants to be associated with an embarrassingly bad, micro-rated program hosted by a mustachioed demagogue. No, “the goal of funding *Sneak*,” says a former employee whose opinion is shared by several at the station, “was to give Michael Medved a guaranteed income [approximately \$100,000 a year] without doing a lot of work [26 days a year], so that he could devote his time and attention to running for Congress.” But who would pay to put Michael Medved in government? Someone, perhaps, who shares his vision of a return to Hays Code-style moral guidelines for movies? Someone who might also have described Frida Kahlo as “a lesbian with a mustache”?

“It’s an anonymous sponsor,” WTTW underwriting vice president David Blair told SPY when we asked about the show’s 1992–93 season, adding, as an afterthought, “It’s not really a sponsor...but it *is* anonymous.” In fact there were two quite open sponsors last season, both with the sort of religious and social agendas one does not normally associate with public television. Blair was good enough to tell us their names, after taking close to a week to check on the “correct spelling.” The Sage Foundation—that’s S-A-G-E—is a Michigan-based Roman Catholic group, the same one that gave \$1 million to Hillsdale College, where Medved gave the lectures he turned into his book *Hollywood vs. America*. The Randolph Foundation is also a conservative family foundation, but one

with strong ties to the political right (its parent board of governors has included Robert Bork and Jeane Kirkpatrick).

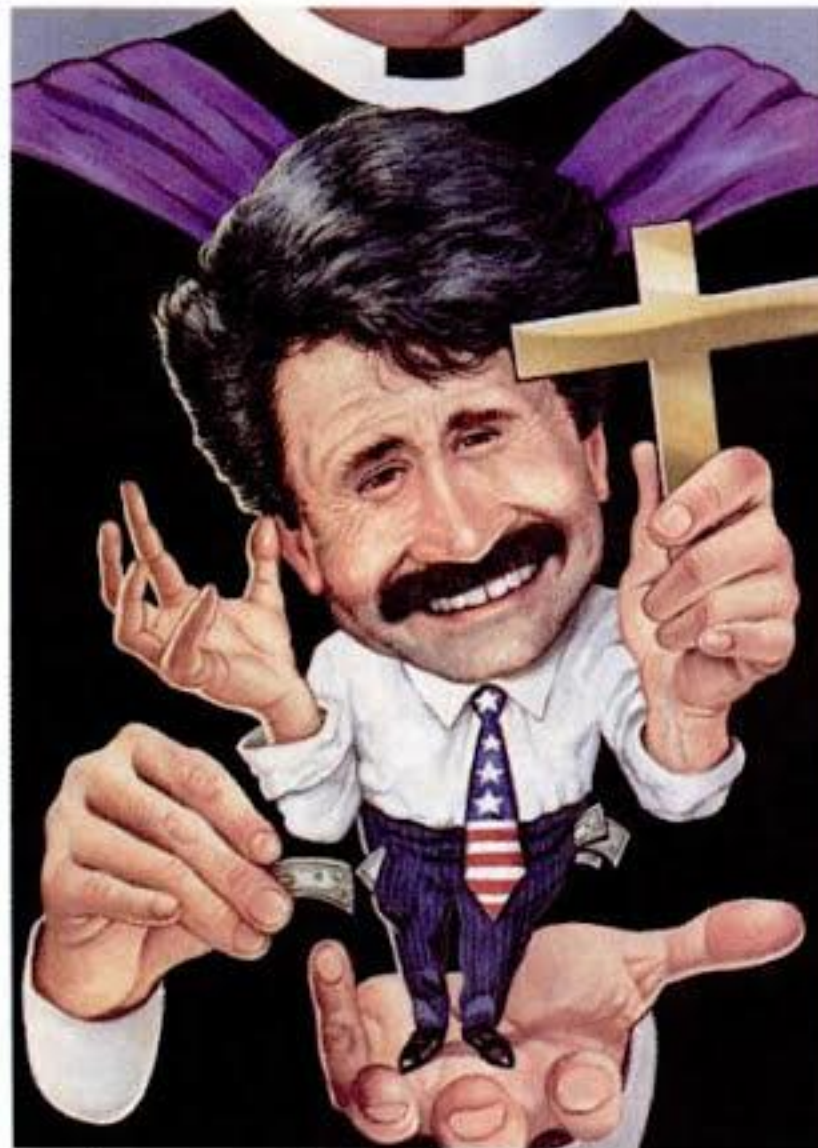
The anonymous party to whom Blair may have been referring (but that he neglected to disclose to us) is Kenneth Olsen, founder of Digital Equipment Corporation, who was the sponsor initially responsible for putting *Sneak Previews* back on the air after it tanked in 1990. The money came from Olsen’s personally endowed Stratford Foundation and was paid as an unrestricted grant to WTTW, a legal but deceptive arrangement that theoretically permitted WTTW to spend the money on any “family-oriented programming” it desired. *And, hey, what better use of precious funding than an unnecessary movie-review program that*

WTTW itself had decided was not worth putting another nickel into? By giving money to the station and not the program, Olsen was also able to avoid being identified as *Sneak Previews*’s sponsor.

Why so shy? Probably something to do with Olsen’s relationship with The Idea Agency, a Christian-oriented entertainment and publicity company based in Nashville and run by Dan Johnson, a good friend of Medved’s. Olsen’s Stratford Founda-

tion is not only a major supporter of the Heartland Film Festival (for which Johnson is an executive board member, and on whose advisory board sits who else but Will Hays Jr., the son of Hays Code instigator Will Hays), but it also donated \$327,318 to develop *McGee & Me*, an Idea Agency film series about a boy, his imaginary cartoon friend and all the fun they have with the Holy Bible.

McGee & Me, by the way, has “terrific production values,” as Medved told his viewers in February, as well as “some thrilling moments, and a subtle religious message.” Yup, there’s *McGee & Me*, a featured Medved “Family Find,” just a few names down from *Sneak Previews* on



Michael and friend

**Medved once boasted that Lyons
“would crawl a thousand miles
across broken glass to do the show”**

by the way, has “terrific production values,” as Medved told his viewers in February, as well as “some thrilling moments, and a subtle religious message.” Yup, there’s *McGee & Me*, a featured Medved “Family Find,” just a few names down from *Sneak Previews* on

the Stratford Foundation's 1991 IRS form. Conflict of interest? "Sometimes, no matter how hard you try, there are roads that cross," WTTW spokesman Bruce Marcus told SPY.

Roads typically don't cross twice, but in this case it turns out that The Idea Agency also does "publicity" for *Sneak Previews* free of charge. Each time a new *Sneak* episode is shot, a producer sends The Idea Agency a tape, which arrives a week before airdate. Since a week is really not enough time to develop publicity, former *Sneak* staff members speculate that Johnson passes the tapes to an unknown party to review them for content.

Different day, same future congressman. Cameras roll, and Medved's partner, Jeffrey Lyons, is saying how much he liked something. *Stop!* says Michael Medved. On the set of *Sneak Previews*, everybody stops. *You did not like that, Jeff,* Medved informs Lyons. Lyons—by nature spineless but

also mindful of the \$3,500 he's getting for the day—says nothing. The segment is taped over again, and this time Jeff and Michael are in agreement.

(The ongoing tragicomedy of Medved's relationship with Lyons is yet another example of how Medved has endeared himself to his underlings. Medved once boasted to a former employee that Lyons "would crawl a thousand miles each week across broken glass to do the show." Sadly enough, this may be true: A few years ago when Lyons was afraid *Sneak* was about to be canceled, he forced the show's then-producer to sit through home videos of his family cavorting at their summer home and begged her to retain the show so he could keep the house.)

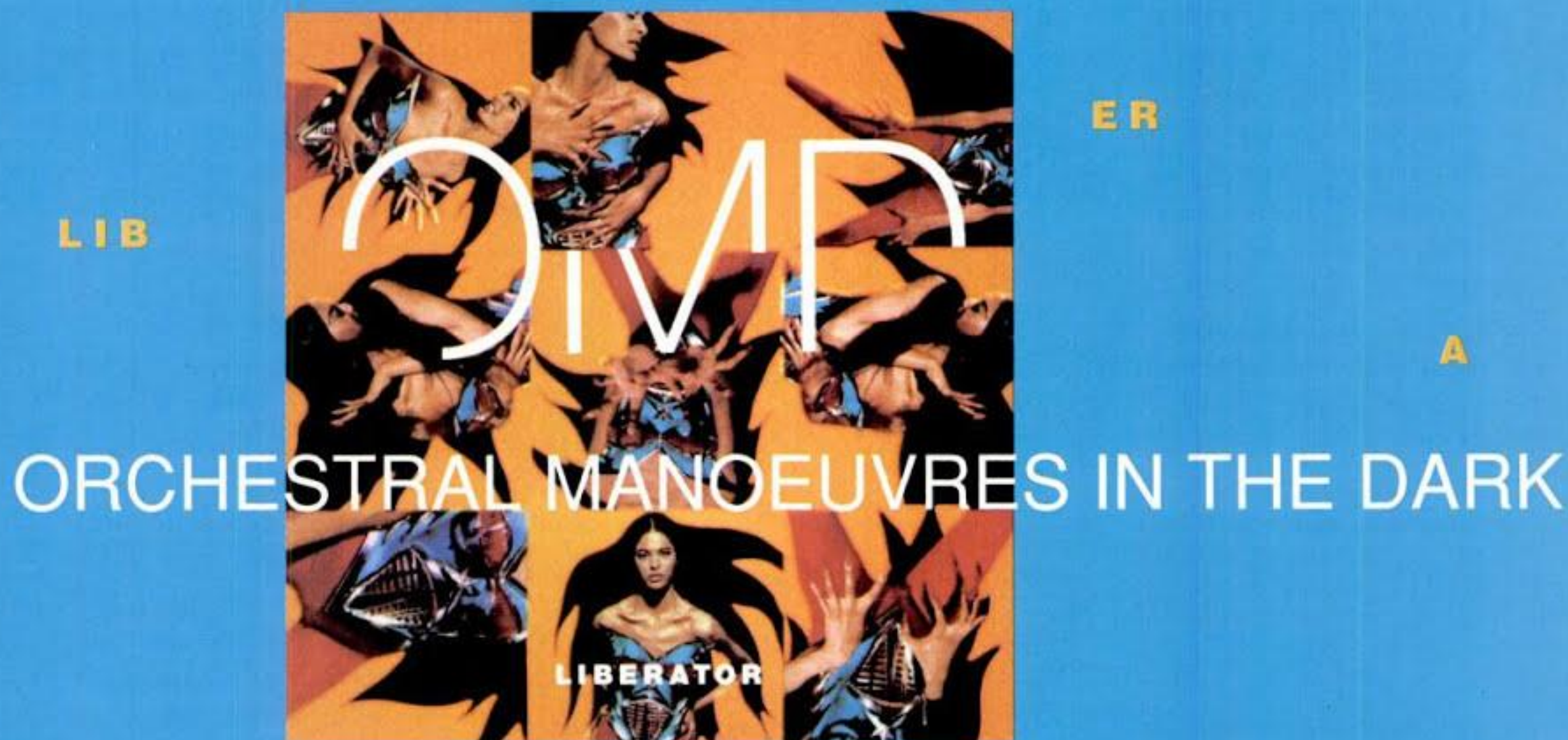
None of this should be surprising, as "Michael Medved" and "conflict of interest" have certainly appeared in the same sentence before. In 1992, Medved accepted between \$8,000 and \$10,000 from

Paramount Pictures to testify that Art Buchwald's treatment about a spoiled African prince lost in New York City had made no significant contribution to Paramount's *Coming to America*. During the trial Medved also acknowledged accepting studio money to doctor ailing scripts, as well as offering prerelease assessments of movies from the same studios—gratis, of course.

Yet another day on the set of *Sneak Previews*. Cameras roll. Medved is detailing exactly what he found disgusting in the excretion, urination or copulation scene in some movie when Jeffrey Lyons says something Medved thinks isn't stupid for once. *Stop!* says Michael Medved. Medved claims he made a mistake and orders the crew to tape the segment over. Cameras roll again, and this time it's Medved who's making the smart remark. Lyons says nothing.

Ah, Michael. See you in *Mr. Medved Goes to Washington*.

—Rodney Gibbs and Jane Craig



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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

On a recent trip to the Orient, **James Cayne** and **Alan Greenberg**, the president and CEO, respectively, of the Manhattan investment-banking firm **Bear Stearns**, were so taken with local practices that they decided to import them. What impressed them was not the Sun Tzu-inspired work ethic or the employee calisthenics but the *geisha girls*. Forthwith, their Park Avenue office lobby was swept of male security and staffed exclusively with leggy, alluringly attired parageishas—euphemistically termed hostesses—whose job it is to escort important visitors to a private elevator, announce them and (most important) graciously endure the relentless come-ons of the invariably male charges.

Reportedly among the biggest fans of this innovation is, unsurprisingly, **Donald Trump**, who smarmily asked his geisha if she had another job. But it was an aide to Mayor **David Dinkins** who exhibited the keenest understanding of the situation when he turned to his hostess and demanded, *What, no sex?*

2

Perhaps life can return to normal at the **Mia Farrow** household now that that **very bad man** has been all but legally eliminated from their lives. Leaving her West

Side nest recently, Mia was a serene matriarch as she prepared to abandon her flock for nearly an hour to do some errands. Unaware that she was being overheard, she led the children through what seemed to be a familiar exchange. *I'll be back in 45 minutes*, Mia began. *What do you say?* And the flock, ever eager not to displease their mother, responded, *Goodbye, Mommy....I love you, Mommy....I'll miss you, Mommy....*

3

Add to **James Carville's** list of strange bedfellows **Marlin Fitzwater**. Recently **Bill Clinton's** ex-strategist called an Alexandria, Virginia, store and ordered a \$2,000 fax machine to be delivered to the consulting firm of **George Bush's** ex-press secretary. "My name cannot be attached to this," Carville said, offering the name of his much more Fitzwater-friendly belle, **Mary Matalin**. Shortly thereafter, the employee who had taken Carville's order received another call from him. Angrily, Carville said that *Washington Post* gossip columnist **Lois Romano** had called him and that he'd had to talk her out of running an item on the bipartisan fax. Then he added, "Find out who told her. When you do, I want you to show him the cliff. Don't push him off, but show him the cliff." ☛



Sorry, Wrong Number

Will O'Brien Feature Stupid European Economic Community Tricks on *Late Night*?

Immediately upon hearing that NBC had selected a replacement for David Letterman, SPY called the putative host, the Irish scholar Conor Cruise O'Brien, whose recent well-received biography of Edmund Burke gave him the edge over Garry Shandling. We found him in Dublin.

Conor Cruise O'Brien: Hello?

SPY: *Hi, I'm just calling to get your reaction to your new job.*

I don't know that I have such a job.

Oh, it's been in the papers. Replacing Letterman at NBC.

Sorry?

Replacing David Letterman at NBC. I wanted to know if you were still going to do the pet tricks.

Well, this is the first I've heard of any such thing. Where has this appeared?

In the New York papers! But you've written for The Simpsons and Saturday Night Live, and....

[O'Brien pauses.]

I've written for various print publications in the United States. Mainly for *The New York Review of Books* and *The Atlantic* and sometimes for *The New Republic*, but I've only very occasionally appeared on panels and whatnot, when I'm over there.

I'll be going to America—I think, I wonder, could this be it?—I'm going to America in September as senior research fellow in the National Center for the Humanities in Washington, in—not in Washington but in North Carolina. And somebody may have mixed up the initials.

You're not a comedian, then?

Uh, only occasionally. —Louis Theroux

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



**Still Crazyish
After All
These Years**

What Joe Louis once said about his opponents may also apply to people who shoot at the president of the United States: "They may get better, but they never get well." Not long ago John W. Hinckley Jr., now 37, requested a conditional release from St. Elizabeths psychiatric hospital in Washington to join his parents for 12-hour visits on legal holidays. Here are excerpts from the motion his attorneys filed.

"Mr. Hinckley has made great progress in his treatment and during its course has moved from maximum security to the minimum security facility....His treatment team [is] of the expert medical opinion that the proposed conditional release would greatly assist Mr. Hinckley's continued progress and would not involve any threat of danger...to public safety or himself....

"In more than a decade since his commitment, Mr. Hinckley's mental con- ▶

Private Lives of Public Figures



Howard Stern relaxes at home.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

dition has greatly improved, and he no longer suffers from psychosis....His adjustment to [a minimum-security facility] was excellent and rapid. He became an active and enthusiastic participant in therapeutic activities....In 1991, he served as ward secretary.

"Mr. Hinckley remains very committed to therapy; he attends regular family therapy with...his parents and individual therapy twice a week....Behavioral problems [he had] when he first arrived on the ward have been eliminated.

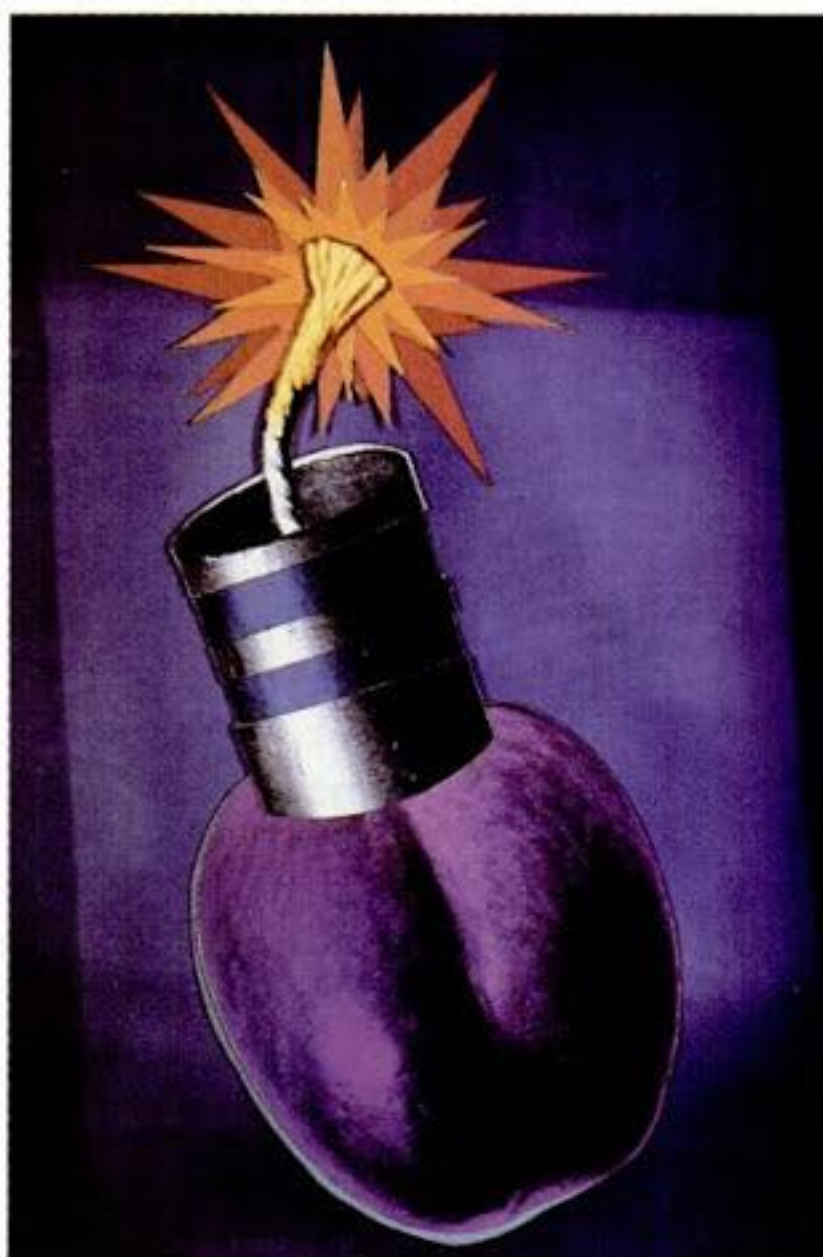
"Based on Mr. Hinckley's excellent progress...the Hospital Review Board approved B-grounds privileges, which permit him to go out on the grounds accompanied by a hospital staff member, [and] C-Work privileges....He has used his B-grounds privileges for such activities as therapy sessions, ward car washes, walking groups and clinic appointments. With his C-Work privileges, Mr. Hinckley works as a clerk....All his job evaluations have been excellent. He [walks] to and from work himself, keeping the ward informed of his whereabouts by a system of telephone checks....

"There is no evidence of any delusions, which previously fueled his psychosis. He is also no longer depressed, and...he has begun to laugh and joke with his peers and staff....His treatment team [notes] that his judgment and insight are good; that he is alert, oriented and that his mem- ▶

Bosniurp-Herz-hic-goveeeena! Reports from Our Pie-eyed Foreign Correspondents

"Nothing pleases a Serb more than lingering over cups of thick Turkish coffee or thimble-glasses of slivovica, a powerful **plum brandy**...."—*New York Times*, May 1, 1992 ♦ "Almost every encounter was punctuated with cups of industrial-strength black coffee and glasses of slivovitz, the potent local **plum brandy**."—*Maclean's*, July 6, 1992 ♦ "One of the Serb militiamen, a man who was drinking **plum brandy**, was asked by a reporter what was going to happen to Muslim men in the town."—*Washington Post*, August 7, 1992 ♦ "Muslim Slavs, many of them fair-haired and blue-eyed, are better known for eating pork and drinking **plum brandy** than holding fundamentalist views."—*Newsweek*, August 10, 1992 ♦ "Serbs and Croats here tend to [be] successful business people, heavy smokers who enjoy **plum brandy** and a night of dancing."—*Los Angeles Times*, August 30, 1992 ♦ "He is served a few glasses of **plum brandy** by Ms. Hrastic, another shelter occupant...."—*New Republic*, October 19, 1992 ♦ "The fac-

tory is producing only machine guns, which kill our former brothers,' he added, sipping a **plum brandy** in the smoky Srbija restaurant."—*New York Times*, November 28, 1992 ♦ "A woman started an impromptu dance, raising a bottle of **plum brandy** and shouting, 'Clinton is good! Clinton is good!'"—*Chicago Tribune*, March 11, 1993 ♦ "Branko Grucic... gently caresses the rim of a small glass of **plum brandy**. Peace? He does not expect it any time soon."—*Houston Chronicle*, March 19, 1993 ♦ "Morphine or **plum brandy** was the best the doctors could offer their writhing patients. 'But we didn't have enough brandy,' Begovic said."—*San Francisco Chronicle*, March 23, 1993 ♦ "Slivovitz, **plum brandy**, taken in great quantities...numbs the conscience and lubricates the trigger finger."—*Time*, April 12, 1993 ♦ "'We could not use rakija to wash out wounds or make patients drunk, because it would have promoted bleeding,' he said, referring to the local **plum brandy**."—*New York Times*, April 24, 1993



Celebrity Math Chapter 5

$$\left(\begin{array}{c} \text{Tracy Chapman} \\ \times \\ \text{Eve Arden} \end{array} \right) + \frac{1}{2} \begin{array}{c} \text{ET} \end{array} = \begin{array}{c} \text{Whoopi Goldberg} \end{array}$$

—Mark O'Donnell and Marion Rosenfeld

CLINT EASTWOOD

JOHN MALKOVICH • RENE RUSSO

IN THE LINE OF FIRE

COLUMBIA PICTURES AND CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT PRESENT

AN APPLE/ROSE PRODUCTION A WOLFGANG PETERSEN FILM CLINT EASTWOOD JOHN MALKOVICH RENE RUSSO "IN THE LINE OF FIRE"
DYLAN McDERMOTT GARY COLE FRED DALTON THOMPSON AND JOHN MAHONEY MUSIC COMPOSED BY ENNIO MORRICONE EDITOR ANNE V. COATES, A.C.E.
PRODUCTION DESIGNER LILLY KILVERT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN BAILEY, A.S.C. CO-PRODUCED BY BOB ROSENTHAL WRITTEN BY JEFF MAGUIRE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS WOLFGANG PETERSEN GAIL KATZ AND DAVID VALDES PRODUCED BY JEFF APPLE DIRECTED BY WOLFGANG PETERSEN

CASTLE ROCK
ENTERTAINMENT

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

DOLBY DIGITAL
IN SELECTED THEATRES

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON EPIC SOUNDTRAX
READ THE JOVE BOOK A COLUMBIA PICTURES RELEASE

COLUMBIA
PICTURES

AT THEATRES SOON

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ory is intact....Mr. Hinckley shows increased willingness to participate in all therapies; increased spontaneity with peers and staff; and sustained ability and willingness to complete daily ward detail, i.e., cleaning the shower room and toilet."

Hinckley's motion was opposed by the Commission on Mental Health Services in Washington and by the U.S. Attorney. Without providing details, the CMHS said the release was not clinically warranted. The U.S. Attorney also objected, pointing out that the release would allow Hinckley license to travel "out of the area or just as possibly make his way into the city and pose a threat to...Secret Service protectees."

The brief adds, "There is nothing to prevent Hinckley from visiting his girlfriend, Leslie DeVeau, herself an insanity acquittee for the murder of her child." DeVeau, now 49, shot her daughter in 1982, then tried to kill herself. She was released from St. Elizabeths in 1985. She and Hinckley, just a couple of kids looking for love in a crazy, mixed-up world, are betrothed; he would like to be released into her custody.

In the face of this opposition, Hinckley withdrew his motion, noting his intention to refile at a later date. The average stay at St. Elizabeths is five years; Hinckley has been there for eleven. In the opinion of many, had Hinckley shot at a commoner, he would have been released long ago. ☞

Johnny Deadline, Slacker

Taking a Week Off, the Bob Greene Way

Old-fashioned American ingenuity still thrives in the great Midwest. Bob Greene—syndicated *Chicago Tribune* columnist and fried-foods "After" picture ["The Illustrated History of Hair, Part I," SPY, October 1986]—recently spent a week's worth of columns proving that a really clever journalist doesn't need *anybody's* permission to take a vacation.

One month after Bob published an impassioned plea asking his readers to "name one good thing about life in America," he reported, happily, that "from every corner of the country, and from several foreign nations, you did." By Bob's estimate, there were 50,000 such good things.

"Today," Bob wrote in his Sunday column, "we begin a series of columns consisting of the good things you have found."



	MARCH 21	MARCH 22	MARCH 23	MARCH 24
SAMPLE READERS' CONTRIBUTIONS	Putt-Putt; to look at a beautiful sunset and not worry about enemy aircraft; cocker spaniels (430 words)	the National Guard; chili and a peanut butter sandwich; paved roads (483 words)	Reader's Digest; a bobcat if it means you no harm; refrigerator magnets (470 words)	barbershop harmony; Ben Hur; big washers and dryers (581 words)
BOB'S OUTPUT	83 words	68 words, 40 lifted directly from the previous column	63 words, only 7 of which were new	61 words, with only "conclude our series" new

To be fair, Bob was able to squeeze loads of creativity into the 100 or so words he wrote that week. Sure, it was basically the same paragraph every day, but subtle variations, from "We invited you to send us an example of one good thing about America" to "We asked you to do just that—to name one good thing about America," may one day be recognized as the literary milestones they are.

Bob took March 25, 26 and 27 off, cheating all the readers who were eagerly anticipating the appearance of an additional 49,720 good things about life in America. On March 28 he was back, noting with dismay that

some readers, rather than appreciating the good things about America, "were so infuriated that we would print the columns—that we would devote four days to recounting some pieces of people's lives that mattered to them—that those readers were as insulting, as full of invective, as if we had...Well, I don't know. I don't know what horrible example to use."

Bob filled the bottom seven inches of the column with a few more good things that he'd neglected to mention earlier. "Sorry you didn't like it," he concluded menacingly. "Just may do it again someday."

—Jane Flynn and Chris Fisher



Auspicious beginnings are a lot more common than inspired endings. So make sure that your next night on the town finishes as well as it starts. Follow your dinner with

Candolini Grappa Ruta from Italy. To the long, eloquent sentence of a meal, it provides the necessary punctuation. As the ancient Romans used to say, "the end crowns the work."

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Mr. Toad's Wild, Wild Ride

Coming This Christmas from Disnamax

When independent-film distributor Miramax Films was bought in late April by the Walt Disney Company, *Variety* wondered "how a traditionally conservative company like Disney will live with Miramax's often racy and controversial films." Others in the industry have voiced the concern that Miramax, which has brought us *sex, lies and videotape*, *Paris Is Burning* and *The Crying Game*, will lose its edge, becoming "Disneyfied." On the other hand, maybe it's Disney that needs to watch out.

Beauty and the Beast: Beauty learns to love the Beast despite his appearance, but the Beast is horrified when he discovers that Beauty has a penis.

Sister Act: The convent is scandalized when the sisters find out that Whoopi Goldberg is not really a nun and that she has a penis.

Aladdin: Aladdin realizes that Princess Jasmine likes him for who he really is and that she has a penis.

Pretty Woman: Richard Gere falls in love with wrong-side-of-the-tracks Julia Roberts but learns that she has a penis.

The Little Mermaid: Ariel wishes she had legs. The prince wishes Ariel didn't have a penis.

Snow White: The Seven Dwarfs adore and respect Snow White and so never suspect that she has a penis.

Lady and the Tramp: The Tramp is delighted to discover that Lady has a penis but horrified when he realizes her testicles have been removed.

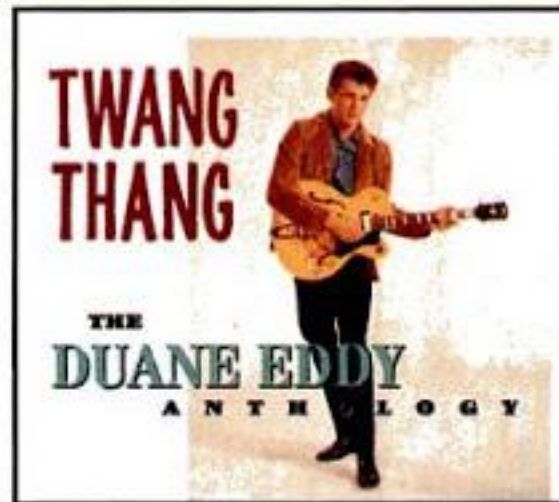
—Daniel Radosh

It's a Wonderful Town!



Girls fascinated by elderly woman who jumped 18 floors.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich



It is presumptuous
to explain the life of anyone.

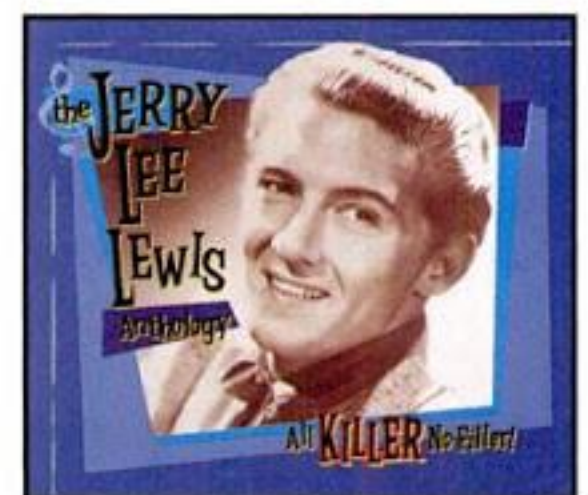
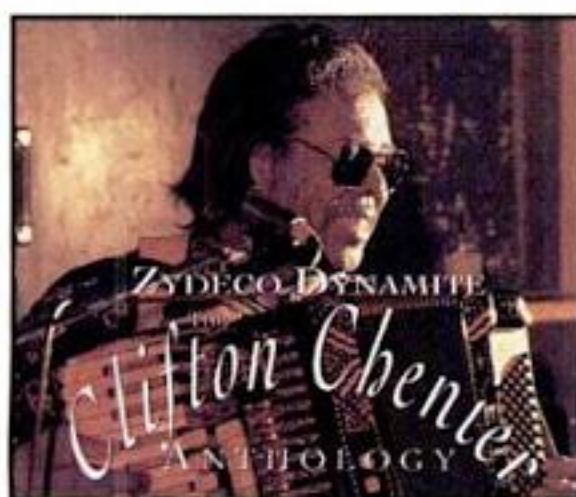
The beauty
of blind pursuit.

The cold
sword of hard work.

However, in the hands of driven perfectionist digital mastering technogeeks,
who says presumption (that you can buy) isn't a virtue?

The ambition
that feeds off the heart.

The friction
of time and talent.



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Ask Camille Paglia

Advice for the Lovelorn,

Among Others

Dear Camille: I was making love with a beautiful feminist grad student. As we climaxed I mentioned your name, causing every muscle in her body to tense up immediately. It was the best orgasm of my life. I realize I was exploiting your name, but do you mind?

Wondering in West Hollywood

Dear Wondering: Your partner's Harpy-like clutching is called vaginismus. Popular myth tells of men trapped and requiring surgical extrication. Use and abuse my name as you please. I love causing friction!

* * *

Dear Camille: I'm a bisexual female who passionately loves hard rock and heavy-metal music. The guys I like only want the typical "heavy-metal bimbos." And gay women spout the usual "femi-Nazi" dogma about hard rock being degrading, exploitative and misogynist.

Lonely in Iowa

Dear Lonely: Rock 'n' raunch is sexual reality. The new feminism will cut its teeth on heavy-metal power chords. Crank up your own wattage, and don't take no for an answer.

* * *

Dear Camille: As a teenager in the States, I felt extremely abnormal because my foreskin was intact. I felt freakish and unpatriotic and suffered. What's your opinion of America's assembly-line snippage of infantile prepuce?

Feeling Normal in Frankfurt

Dear Normal: Cut or uncut? Torpedo or lampshade? That is the question. In this deodorant-obsessed land of the bald eagle, gleaming Mr. Clean is our naughty little flesh-puppet.

* * *

Dear Camille: I was involved with a comp lit major for seven years and



was haunted by a sense of failure for not understanding the "conference cant" of the Derrida posse. Luckily I escaped the California infestation of these maniacs, but not before this woman had demasculated me to the point of premature ejaculation.

Recuperating in Rancho Mirage

Dear Recuperating: Polluters of the brain commit crimes against humanity. Dante's Inferno has a special reserved foxhole for the followers of Lacan, Derrida and Foucault, who will boil for eternity in their own verbal sludge.

* * *

Dear Camille: When I'm using the office urinal, one of the dorkiest managers comes in, stands next to me and talks about the stupidest things. Is there a polite way to ignore him, or should I wet his leg? Does this problem happen to women?

Pissed Off in Hackensack

Dear Pissed Off: Women adore gabbing in the john. It's a freaking hen party! As for your manager, can it be love?

* * *

Dear Camille: After her orgasm from oral sex, my girlfriend starts laughing hysterically. What does this mean? Is my hard work being taken seriously?

Concerned in Calgary

Dear Concerned: Bursts of irrational emotion, like weeping, are reported of orgasmic women. Beware of manic Maenads! The female worshipers of Dionysus tore goats and heifers limb from limb with their bare hands.

* * *

Dear Camille: I'm a 23-year-old gay male who planned to get a sex-change operation to make myself more appealing to a straight co-worker. My current boyfriend is threatening to leave me because of this. Then there's a woman who wants me desperately.

Wavering in Lompoc

Dear Wavering: I envy your ability to draw a crowd. Your life is a Fellini film lacking only Anita Ekberg with a cat on her head. I would advise putting the operation on hold. Some merchandise is nonreturnable.

* * *

Dear Camille: My girlfriend has started ejaculating and I've stopped. Through Tantra, we trade spontaneous combustion for hours-at-a-time ritual, with astounding results. Can all women ejaculate? We're talking cupfuls—you haven't seen an "arc of transcendence" until a five-foot fountain of amrita erupts from your beloved's yoni.

Electro-Shakti'ed in Kansas City

Dear Shakti'ed: In Coleridge's Xanadu, a geyser blasts up from a chasm, as if the earth is in orgasm. Pagan nature cults release titanic energy. Female ejaculation is the latest thing, demonstrated by Annie Sprinkle in her sacred-orgy video, Sluts and Goddesses. Bring an umbrella.

Actual responses from Camille Paglia can be obtained by writing actual letters about actual problems to Ask Camille Paglia, SPY, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. All letters become the property of SPY. ☺

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Today's artist has been Julie Doucet.

This is Toon #8 of Rykodisc's 10th anniversary series,
featuring the best of today's graphic artists.

Collect all 12 and win--see #12 for details!

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The SPY Lazlo Letters

INSTALLMENT IV

When Your Friends Won't Tell You

This month, super-patriot and concerned citizen Lazlo Toth (aka Don Novello) requests some straightforward information pertaining to his health and receives some unexpected advice regarding his appearance.



April 3, 1993

Campbell Soup Company
Camden, N.J.
09103-1701 USA

Dear Mr. Campbell,

I heard on the news recently you had a recall out for some bad soup.

I have in my possession three cans of your Chicken with Rice Soup. One is stamped at the top SEP 94, P5 058ATX, one is APR 94 P5 D56IT 2135, and one is APR 94 P5 055JTX.

Is it okay to eat this stuff or what?

Lazlo Toth

Lazlo Toth



(Several weeks later, Toth received a second letter from Campbell's indicating that his soup codes were not among the 15 affected ones; they also sent him a coupon good for a 20-cent discount on his next purchase of Spaghettios.)

Naked City

Campbell soup Company

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY 08103-1799

Dear Health-Concerned Consumer:

Here is a great opportunity for you to participate in the Jenny Craig Weight Management Program with a special limited-time 50% off the regular program fee coupon (see brochure for details).

The makers of V8® 100% Vegetable Juice are proud to announce that Low Sodium V8® Juice can now be used as a vegetable exchange in the Jenny Craig Weight Management Program. Low Sodium V8 Juice had to meet high quality specification standards to qualify as one of the select few branded products accepted by the Jenny Craig Weight Management Program. Low Sodium V8 Juice provides the same vegetable nutrition as regular V8 Juice, but with only 130 mg. of sodium per 6 oz. serving.

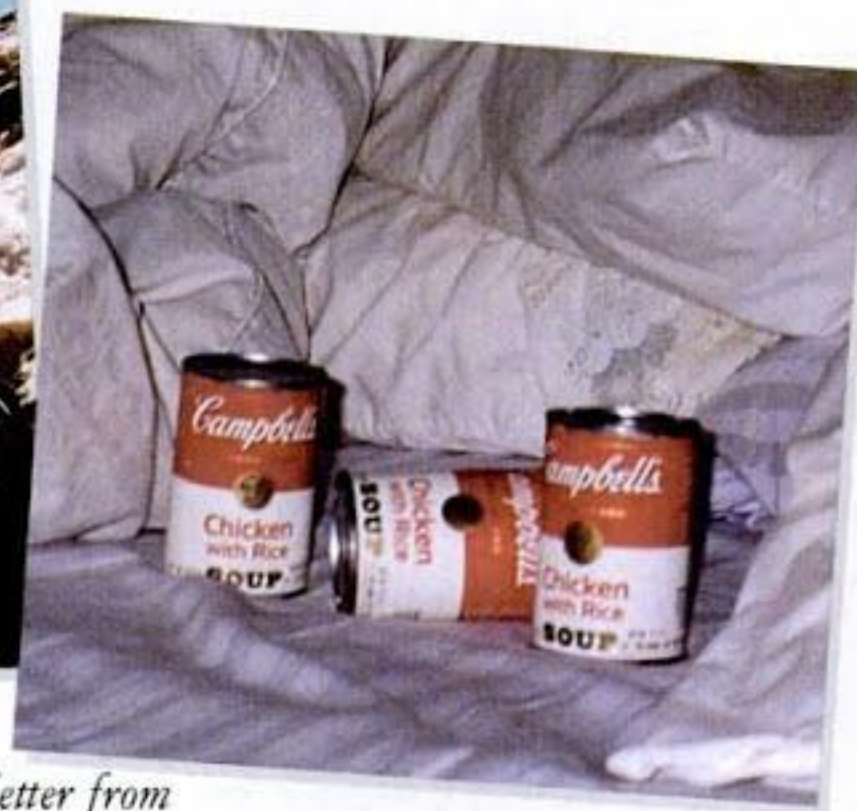
Take advantage of this terrific limited-time offer to successfully control your weight. With this new partnership between Jenny Craig and Low Sodium V8 Juice, managing your weight tastes better than ever.

Sincerely,

Ann T. Brinck

Business Director - Beverages

V8
100%
Vegetable Juice



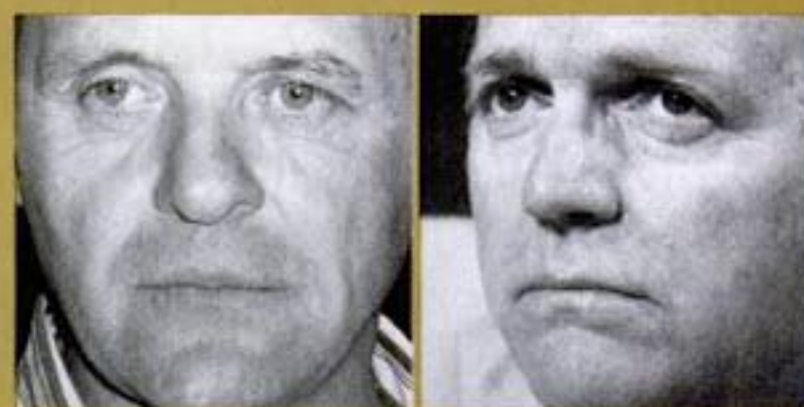
Separated at Birth?



Gifted and busy tenor
Placido Domingo... and busy actor
Danny Aiello?



Late female
impersonator Divine... and probable-female
first mom Virginia?



Knighted Sir
Anthony Hopkins... and unindicted Senator
Dennis DeConcini?



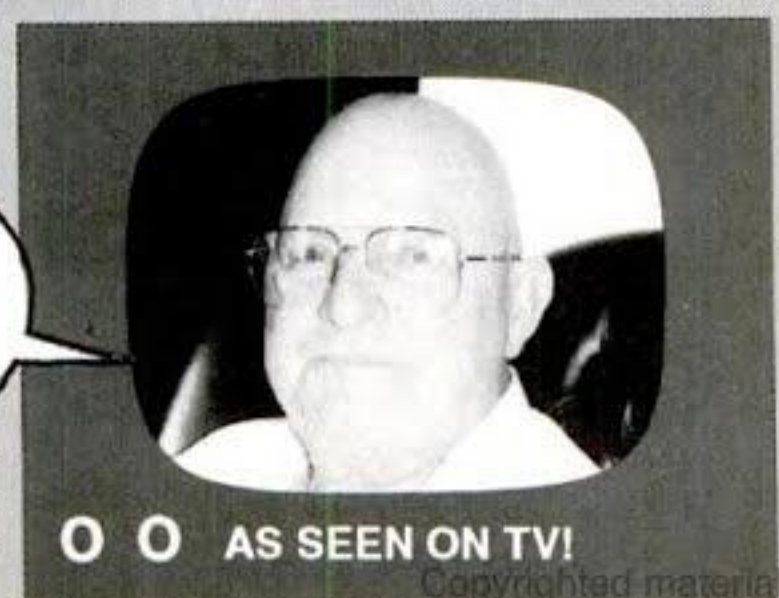
AMAZING
REMOVABLE
"BODY ART"
FREE!

INSIDE 12-PACKS
OF
Barq's
ROOT BEER



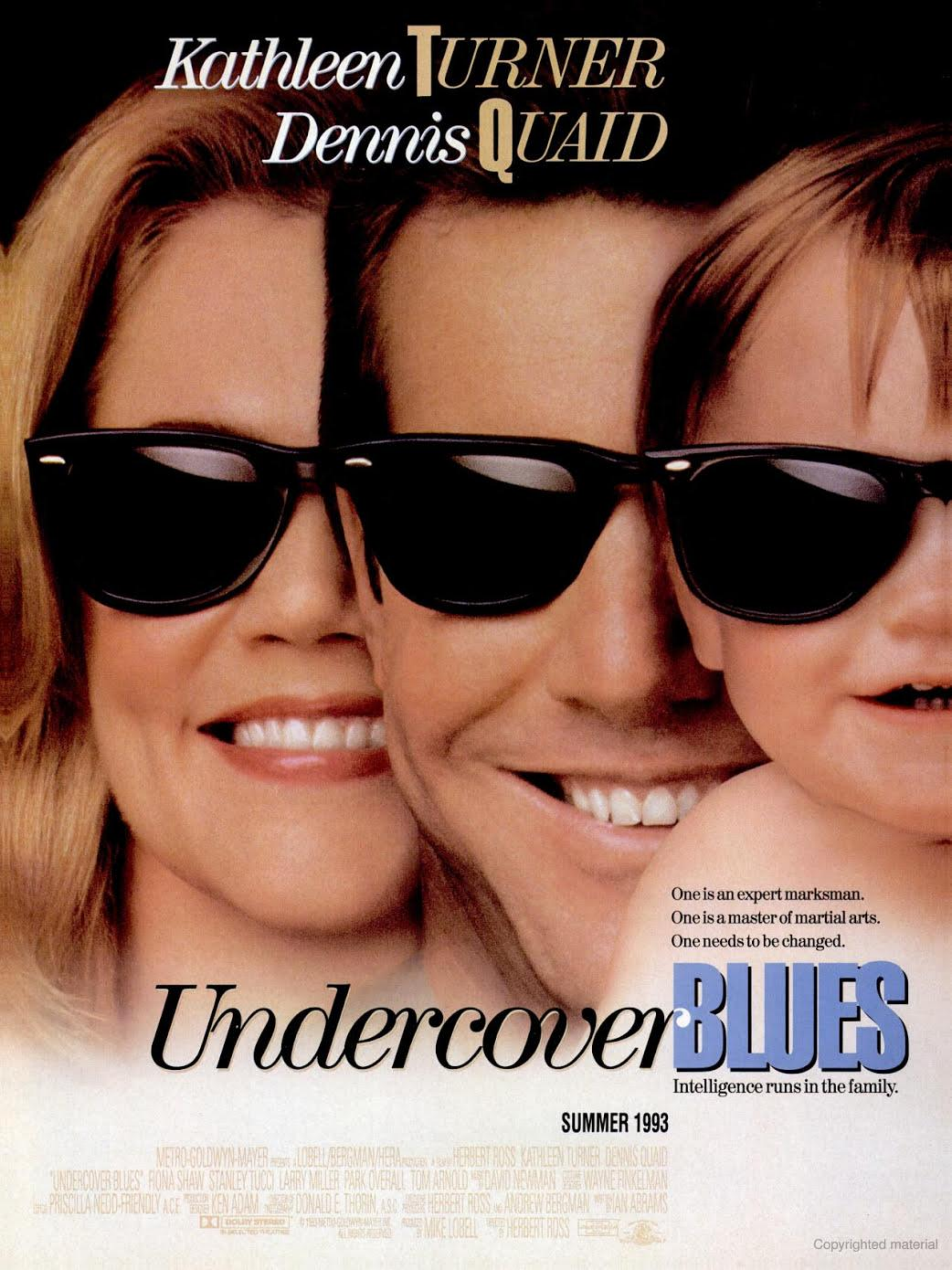
THEY BOUGHT A 12-PACK OF BARQ'S AND ENDED UP GETTING...

BARQ-TOOED!



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Kathleen **TURNER**
Dennis **QUAID**



One is an expert marksman.
One is a master of martial arts.
One needs to be changed.

Undercover **BLUES**

Intelligence runs in the family.

SUMMER 1993

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS A LOBELL/BERGMAN/HERA PRODUCTION A FILM BY HERBERT ROSS KATHLEEN TURNER DENNIS QUaid
"UNDERCOVER BLUES" FIONA SHAW STANLEY TUCCI LARRY MILLER PARK OVERALL TOM ARNOLD MUSIC BY DAVID NEWMAN EDITOR WAYNE FINKELMAN
PRODUCTION DESIGNER PRISCILLA NEDD-FRIENDLY ACE PRODUCED BY KEN ADAM EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DONALD E. THORIN, A.S.C. DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY HERBERT ROSS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ANDREW BERGMAN AND BRIAN ABRAMS
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A WACKY GUIDE TO CBS'S NEWEST ASSET!



HE'S
ON
UR
TEAM!

Dave!



Everything You Always Wanted to Know About *Dave!*—and We're Glad You Asked!



Mr. Tisch and Mr. Letterman shake on it

First off, let me say how thrilled I am about all the encouraging mail I have received since announcing our acquisition of David Letterman back in January. Literally dozens of affiliate owners and station managers have written to express their unreserved support for the decision, which we feel was the right one. A number of you also had questions regarding David and his new CBS late-night program; rather than reply to each one personally, I thought I would answer the most relevant ones here so others needn't write in with identical queries.

When's the new program debuting, and what's it called?

—Ted Cox, KGIN, Grand Island, Nebraska

Glad you asked, Ted. Dave! (not to be confused with the hit movie, though it couldn't hurt) will debut August 23 at 11:35 p.m.

The few times I've watched David Letterman's NBC program, he's told bad jokes and then made a weird face to get a laugh. Is this funny?

—Peter O'Connell, WTVY, Dothan, Alabama

I think David's faces are funny. But you're right, Peter, it does sometimes seem like the faces are only there to make up for mediocre jokes. And David agrees. That's why our deal with David includes money to hire professional comedy writers to help him "punch up" his material. On Dave!, first you'll get a funny joke, then a funny face.

Will Dave be as "restless" on his new show as he was on his old one? He couldn't seem to sit still.

—Miles Harvey, KEPR, Pasco, Washington

I asked David if maybe he shifted around in his chair a bit too frequently, Miles, or maybe he had a bad habit of nodding his head when someone was talking, or he was opening and closing the drawers on his desk, and did he have to get up and sit down so often and go over to places all the time and come back by different routes. He told me that NBC never expressed so much interest in his program, and that he liked all these little notes and queries he gets several times a day from us at CBS. He says they'll make him a better host. Also, we've consulted with his physicians, and they'll be experimenting with his medication over the summer to see if they can't make him a little less fidgety.

I never liked it when Dave went after NBC president Bob Wright. Can we expect this sort of thing to continue at CBS?

—Alan Mandel, KTNL-TV, Sitka, Alaska

I think David's response to your query will surprise you, Alan. First he said, "I'm glad that came up." Then he told me that in his last weeks at NBC a disgruntled staffer wrote a little skit portraying David as dumping his girlfriend to romance one of the young NBC pages. This staffer went from office to office, often in tears, doing her witty playlet, and when David heard about it he blew a gasket and fired her. But, David recalled, it suddenly hit him: "Gosh, she was just doing to me what I did to Bob every night. Now I know how it feels. And it doesn't feel good." David told me, "The boss is the boss. That's what I learned."

I hear this complaint a lot. Sometimes it seems the celebrity guests don't think Dave's questions are half as funny as he does. They seem angry and hurt.

—Mark Wukas, WAGM-TV, Presque Isle, Maine

David was very quiet when I read him your letter, Mark. Then he answered, "You know, I'll bet that's why so many of them never came back." Boy, if you could have seen his face...red!

I've got Cheers in my 11:30 slot right now, and it's doing well for me.

—Jill Hronek, KFVS-TV, Cape Girardeau, Missouri

Jill, don't you think viewers will find it difficult to laugh at Cliff now, in the wake of all those postal-worker shooting sprees?

Will Dave ever apologize to Shirley MacLaine for the way he treated her a few years ago?

—Randy Klimpert, KCBY-TV, Coos Bay, Oregon

"Done," David says.

I'm getting a lot of pressure from the local Sweating Bullets fan club. What can I tell them?

—Bruce Willard, WTHI-TV, Terre Haute, Indiana

Tell them that while Crime Time did not work for us, NBC has decided that turnabout is fair play and has picked up Sweating Bullets, Dangerous Curves and Silk Stalkings for their fall prime-time schedule. And we wish them the best of luck.

I've got a contract to run Arsenio at 11:30 through the end of the year. What am I supposed to do, eat it?

—M. L. Dale, KXMC-TV, Minot, North Dakota

In a word, yes. But I think you'll find that Dave! is just the sort of "sugar" that will help that "medicine" go down!

Any more questions or comments? Send them to Dave! via Dave!-o-Fax, 1-212-633-8848. All questions will be screened by Mr. Tisch personally.

TOP TEN WAYS DAVE! IS MAKING CBS HISTORY

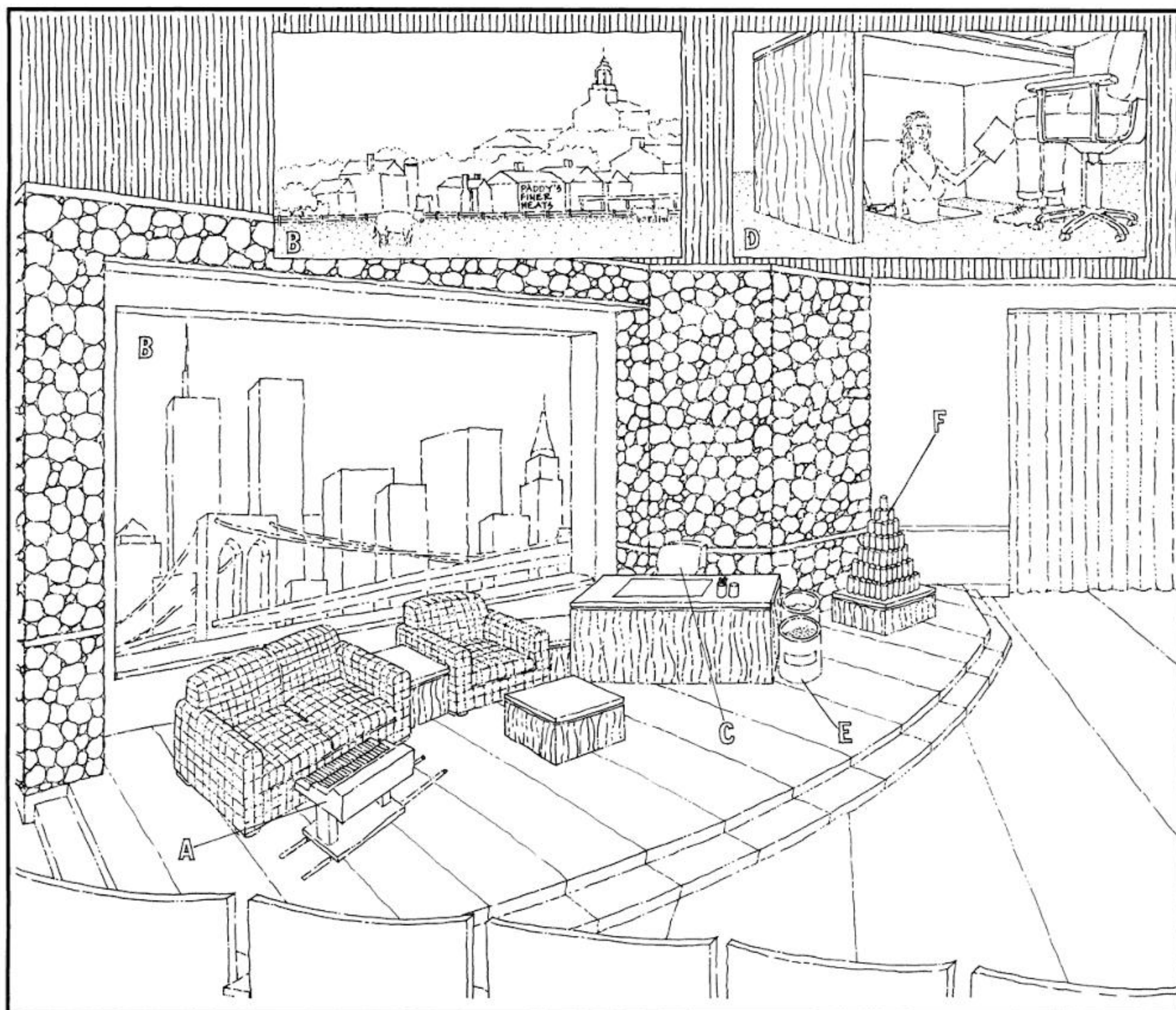
10. William Paley rescued the fledgling network in 1928; 65 years later, here comes *Dave!* to rescue our late-night schedule!
9. New York mayor Jimmy Walker presided at the opening of CBS's New York TV station in 1931; now *Dave!* is presiding over CBS nighttime with his good buddy, Jimmie "J.J." Walker!
8. CBS Radio snapped up the hilarious George Burns and Gracie Allen from NBC in 1932; here we go again!
7. In 1948, *The Morey Amsterdam Show* offered Morey as a smart-mouthed emcee of the "Golden Goose" nightclub; we're ready for *another* "smart-mouthed" emcee!
6. In the biggest programming coup in radio history, in 1948 Bill Paley convinced NBC stars Jack Benny, Groucho Marx and Red Skelton to jump ship; 45 years later, "Paley's Comet" is gone but we're still staging NBC coups!
5. Edward R. Murrow talked current events on CBS Radio's *Hear It Now* in 1950; Dave is always up on current events, and you can "hear and see him now"!
4. Steve "Steeverino" Allen was a huge hit in the 1950s and onward with a simple format of interviewing guests and talking to the audience; 'nuff said!
3. CBS brought America the births of Little Ricky and the Eisenhower administration on the same day in 1953; the birth of a new comedy-variety era is coming in 1993!
2. *Make Room for Daddy* didn't become a monster hit till it moved to CBS in 1957; make room for *Dave!*
1. When CBS's Howard K. Smith moderated the first JFK-Nixon debate in 1960, Nixon looked tired and haggard and JFK looked sharp and bright; Dave looks sharp and bright, and *he's* a surefire landslide winner, too!

TOP TEN REASONS FOR CBS AFFILIATES TO CLEAR THEIR 11:30 SLOTS FOR DAVE!

10. It's good manners!
9. It'll poke a pin in that local NBC blowhard!
8. If you don't, he'll make fun of you on the show! (Just kidding!)
7. Roger Clinton will never drop in on a rerun of *Cheers*!
6. Mr. Gotti would like to watch *Dave!* on CBS at that hour! (John Gotti is a New York organized-crime figure who is often a subject of Dave's quips.)
5. He's not married to Tom Arnold! (Just kidding, Roseanne!)
4. You don't buy a \$14 million car and keep it in the garage!
3. Middle America will never feel completely comfortable with Arsenio!
2. Failure to clear 90 percent of the market would be seen as a sign of trouble at the network, creating financial repercussions that would impact each affiliate as well!
1. One word: teamwork!



THE LOOK OF DAVE!



The *Dave!* set is the perfect blend of old and new, at once fashionably "retro" and modernly "hi tech." Created by CBS's finest staff designers, it has all the "edge" audiences have come to expect from Dave with none of the "cutting" that once accompanied it. Some of the more innovative features include (a) Paul, previously underutilized in his sidekick role, has been moved to the

new couch, accompanied by a portable state-of-the-art synthesizer, allowing him to re-create the big, brassy sound of a 48-piece band with the touch of a button; (b) futuristic blue-screen technology allows affiliates to replace the standard "Big Apple" backdrop with a skyline of their city or even the storefront of a local merchant; (c) Dave's new ergonomically correct chair also has a Magic Fingers option to keep him

TOP TEN REASONS **DAVE!** WILL DESTROY THE COMPETITION

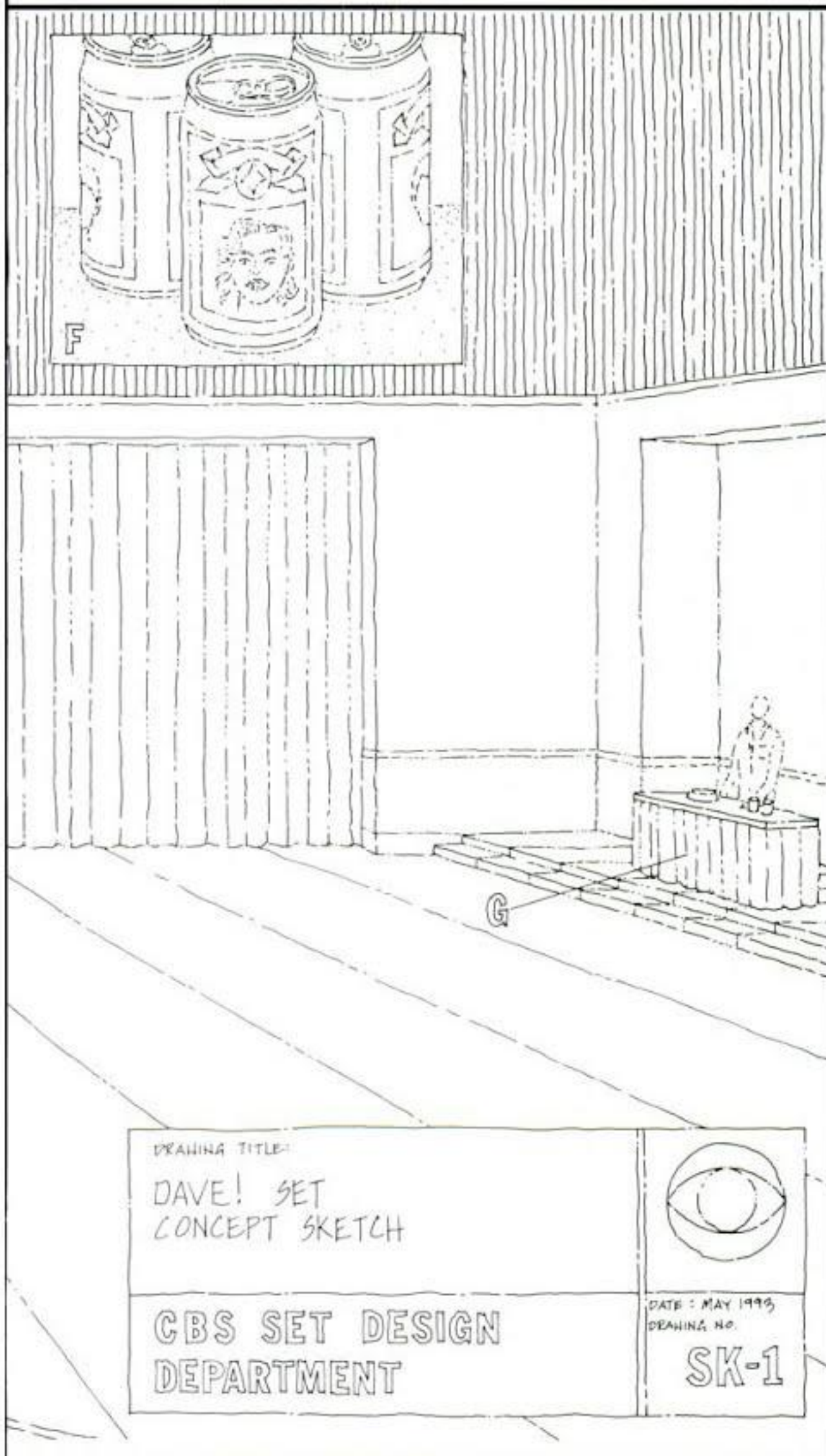
10. Jay will never be Johnny!
9. Arsenio's audience will disappear once a few radical CBS affiliates stop monkeying around and commit their 11:30 slots to *Dave!*
8. Ted Koppel: just not funny!
7. Chevy Chase is Chevy Chase and Dave's not!
6. Dennis Miller has already been canceled!
5. *Larry Sanders* is on only once a week!
4. Three words: Conan the *Who*?
3. Conan is too young and unpredictable!
2. *Dave!* is on a full hour before Conan!
1. Only *Dave!* has the Stroke o' Twelve News Snack with Connie Chung!

TOP TEN NEW **DAVE!** CATCHPHRASES

10. On Planet Dave there are no boundaries.
9. I'm Dave. You're a Pepper.
8. Show me your lottery tickets!
7. You bet your sweet bippy I'm Dave.
6. Baby, you're the ginchiest.
5. Dave don't play that.
4. Schmock! Schmock!
3. Is that the Jewish spelling?
2. You have to forgive yourself before you can forgive others.
1. I'm not your father's Oldsmobile!

TOP TEN WAYS CBS'S **DAVE!** WILL BE BETTER THAN *LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN*

10. New "Amazing Pet Tricks" celebrate, rather than ridicule, viewers' pets!
9. Dave's TV sweetheart, Meg, has moved from across the street from his old studio and is now in the chorus line of *The Will Rogers Follies*!
8. Longer movie clips, and from movies the whole family can enjoy!
7. "Supermarket Finds" will now feature real values viewers can take advantage of!
6. The World's Most Popular Band: bigger, brassier, and more-recognizable show tunes!
5. Prettier pages mean a perkier Dave!
4. Four simple words: Celebrities! Celebrities! Celebrities! Celebrities!
3. No more network pinheads for Dave to complain about endlessly!
2. Imperceptible sweetening.
1. The Top *Eleven* List: it's one funnier!



relaxed and happy; (d) a secret trapdoor now allows unseen production assistants to provide Dave with comic props or refreshments; (e) the newly environmentally conscious Dave will now comically toss his pencils and notecards into these recycling bins; (f) celebrity guests can now "sign in" by adding their Star Portrait Beer Can to the Budweiser Beer Tower; (g) Bill Wendell's live commercial area (local spots available).



DAVE! BY DAY!

Dave! Program Guide, August 23-27

PLEASE NOTE: While all guests have been booked and comedy pieces have been scheduled, keep in mind that they are still changeable. Your questions or comments on these and possible future guests are welcome. Please contact *Dave!* via *Dave!-o-Fax*, 1-212-633-8848.

Monday, August 23



Dave!'s Gala Premiere, sponsored by Gala paper towels. *Dave!* salutes talk shows of the past with an  toward the future!

GUESTS: Jack Paar;

Dick Cavett; *Dave's World's* Harry Anderson; the Honorable David Dinkins, Mayor of New York City

HIGHLIGHT: In a surprise cameo, Charlton Heston presents Dave with two stone tablets containing the "original" Top Ten List, but a new commandment has been mysteriously added: "Henceforth, *Dave!* shalt have a Top *Eleven!*"

LAUGHS: Steve Allen phones in with a rap version of his "This Could Be the Start of Something" (the original *Tonight Show* theme); Toby Giggles, that rascally mouse who lives in Dave's desk ("Yes, I do love the cheeses"), makes his debut.

Tuesday, August 24



Dave! needs a lesson in cardiopulmonary resuscitation when the still stunning Carly Simon causes his heart to skip a beat.

GUESTS: *Bob's* Bob Newhart; **Carly**

Simon; *Rescue 911*'s William Shatner; Patrick Fintan of the American Red Cross

HIGHLIGHT: James Taylor shows up for a historic reunion with Carly and a rockin' rendition of "Mockingbird."

LAUGHS: Top Eleven Ways *Rescue 911* Would Have Handled (a recent event to be determined) Differently; Dave fills in the other side of the phone conversation in Bob Newhart's classic "What-if-public-relations-guys-were-around-when-Lincoln-wrote-the-Gettysburg-Address" routine; Toby denies eating Dave's cheese sandwich, introducing, "Was it a *Gouda* sandwich? That is *too bad*da."

Wednesday, August 25



Dave's got those Hump Day blues, until...

GUESTS: Olympic gymnastics hopeful Kym Sakuranboo; Tony Randall; **Shelley Winters;** Gallagher

(availability pending)

HIGHLIGHTS: The legendary Bob Hope does a surprise "walk-on" live via satellite from his Palm Springs home; Tony explains why heterosexuals have nothing to fear from AIDS; Shelley reveals that JFK once asked her to sleep with Castro.

LAUGHS: Top Eleven Uses for a Dead Car Phone; Toby has no idea what happened to Dave's Chee•tos-brand cheese-flavored snacks.

Thursday, August 26

In the first of a series of very special *Dave!*s, Dave devotes an entire show to a roundtable discussion of the problem of adult children caring for their elderly parents.



Toby Giggles



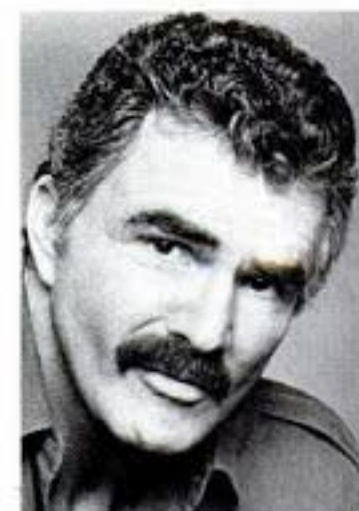
GUESTS: *Murder, She Wrote*'s **Angela Lansbury;** June Allyson; Dr. Ruth Westheimer; *It Had to Be You*'s Faye Dunaway; Jane Seymour, star of *Dr.*

Quinn, Medicine Woman

HIGHLIGHT: Dr. Ruth offers advice on how to talk to aging parents about condom use.

LAUGHS: None scheduled.

Friday, August 27



If it's Friday, it must be *Dave!*'s Party-It's-Friday Party!

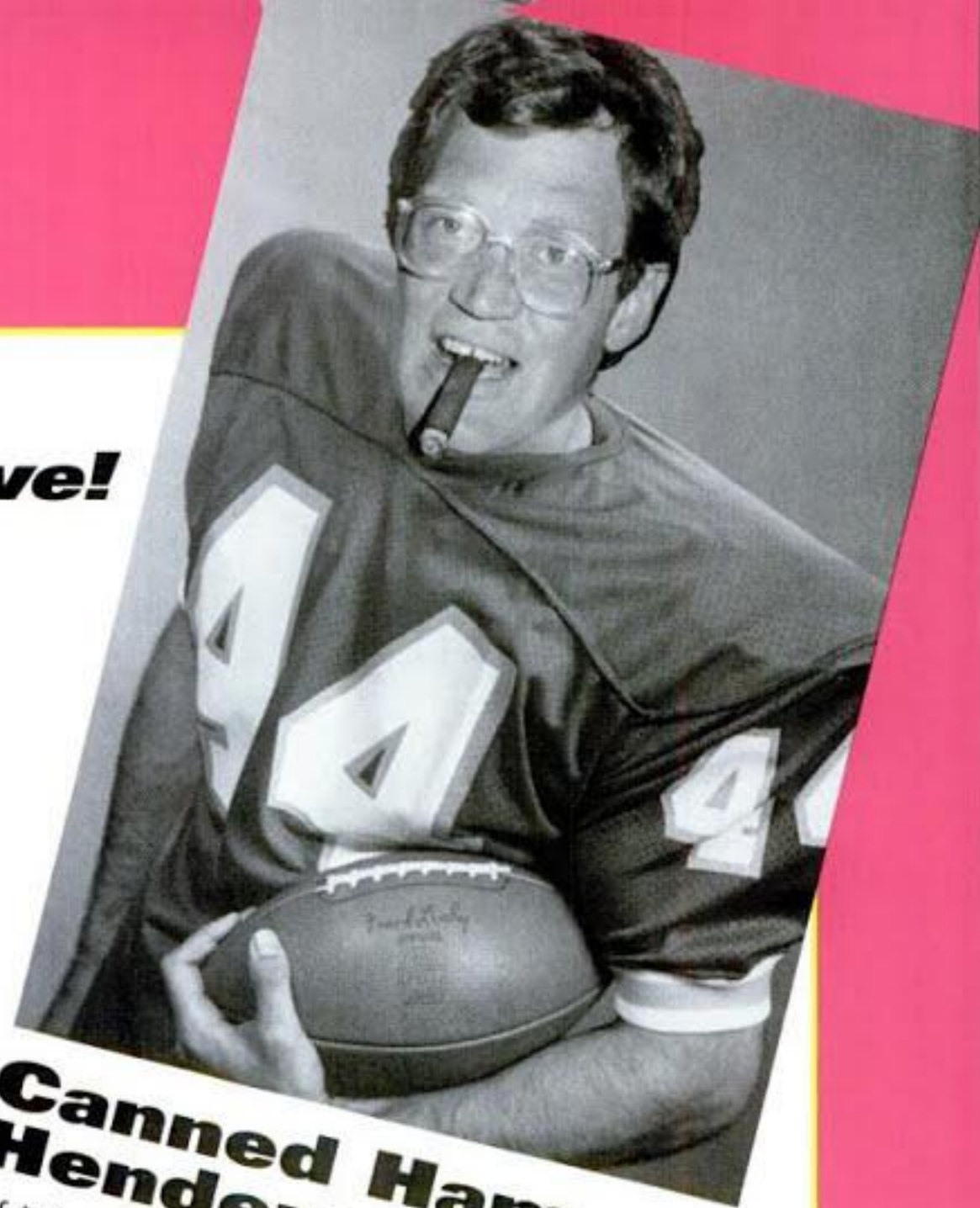
GUESTS: *Evening Shade*'s **Burt Reynolds;** Don Rickles; Dom DeLuise; Charles Nelson Reilly;

the musical comedy of Weird Al Yankovic
HIGHLIGHTS: Burt, Don, Dom and a can of shaving cream—look out, Dave!; also, Weird Al debuts his Eric Clapton parody, "Tears in 7-11."

LAUGHS: Don does a special guest Top Eleven, the Top Eleven Reasons Dave Is a Hockey Puck; Canned Ham Henderson handicaps the CBS staff picnic sack race; Dave's plan to set a trap for Toby backfires.

The Many New Faces of Dave!

To his repertoire of lovable characters that already includes The Dumb Guy and The Gay-Sounding Guy, Dave will be adding these soon-to-be-household-favorites.



Canned Ham Henderson

"If it's Friday, that must be Canned Ham Henderson to give the viewers his hilarious weekend picks!"



Glendo the Good Vampire

"Hey, don't blame me for those other fellows," this confused count from Transexavania protests. "Hey, what are you going to do with that stake? What do you think I am, your father's Oldsmobile?"



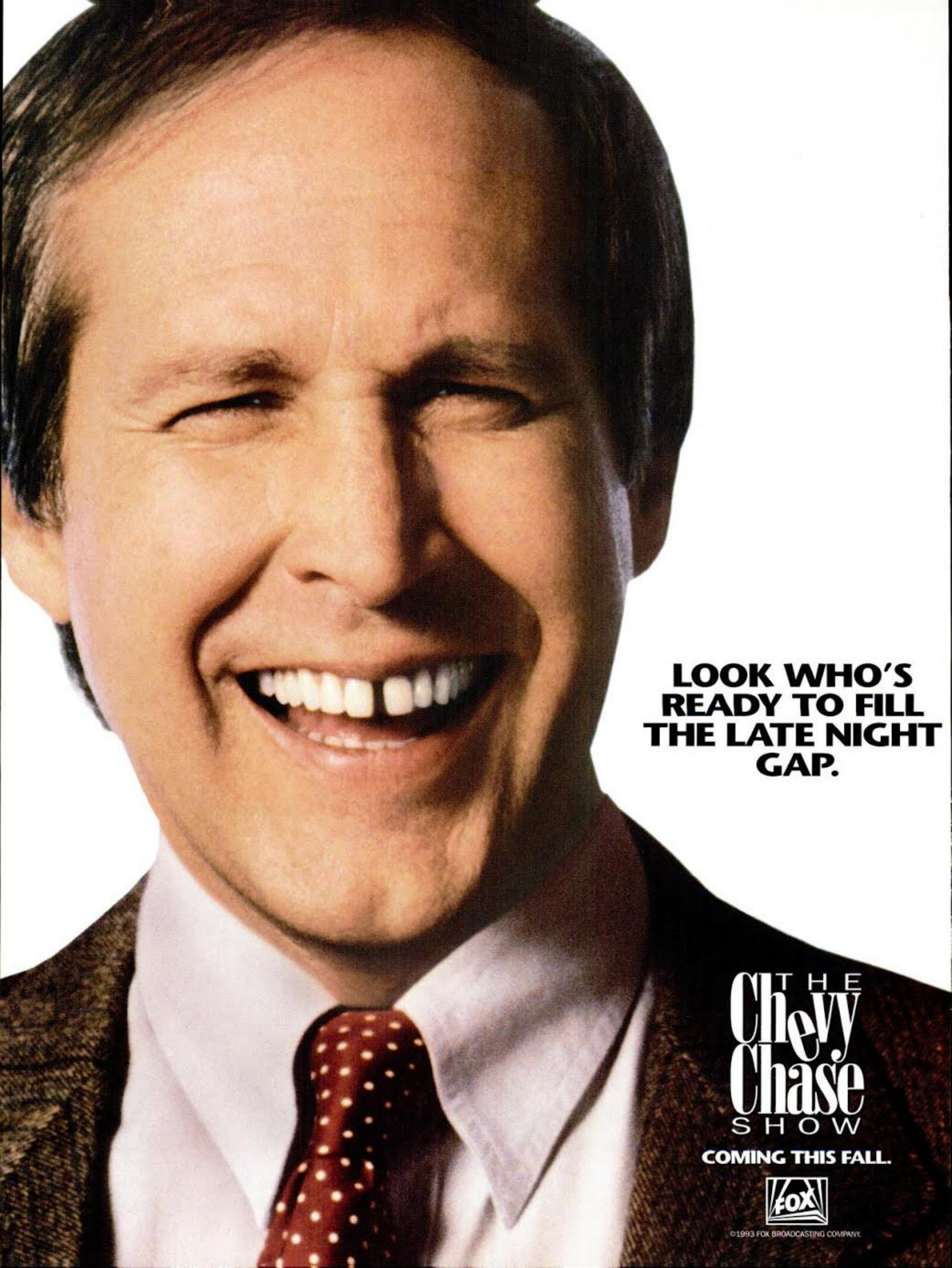
Chung Fu

This "Mystic of the Far East or Near West Depending on How You Look at It" offers side-splitting answers to the "Riddles of Life."

Grammy Gabby

When this feisty old lady falls down, she can get up! Grammy scurries up and down the aisles of the Ed Sullivan Theater, terrorizing audience members with unwanted advice and by revealing their "secrets."





**LOOK WHO'S
READY TO FILL
THE LATE NIGHT
GAP.**

**THE
Chevy
Chase
SHOW**

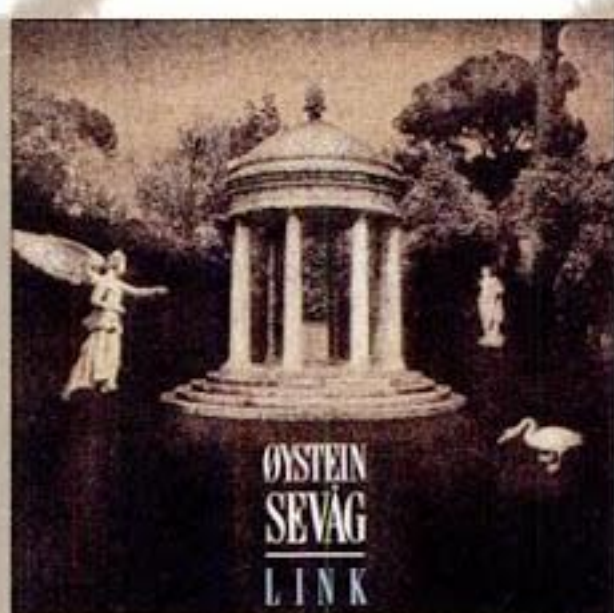
COMING THIS FALL.



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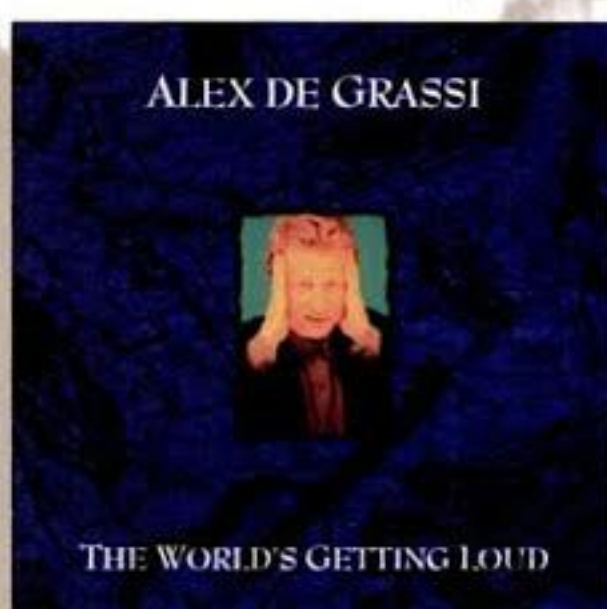
EXPLORE

NEW MUSICAL TERRITORIES



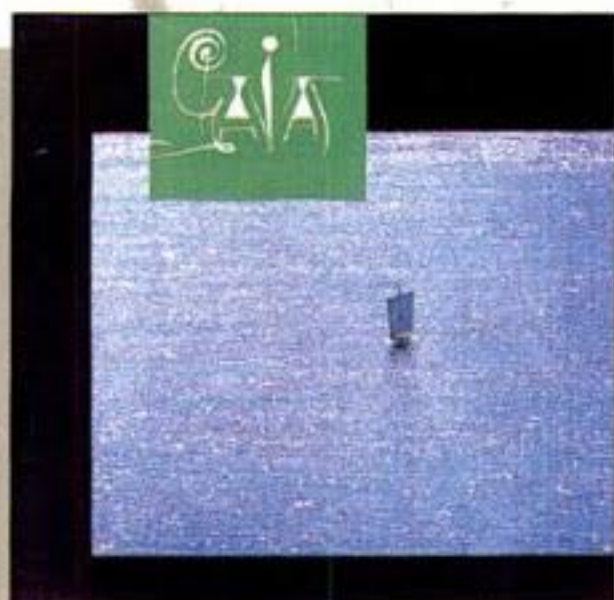
ØYSTEIN SEVÅG *LINK*

Norwegian composer/multi-instrumentalist Øystein Sevåg explores the link between man and woman, body and soul, earth and mind; a collection of melodic, memorable, instrumental songs from a true musical pioneer.



ALEX DE GRASSI *THE WORLD'S GETTING LOUD*

Third world rhythms and acoustic traditions are blended into an evocative album that showcases Alex de Grassi's signature guitar skills. Featuring a broad cast of supporting players and over 30 different percussion instruments.



GAIA

Thirteen top Icelandic and Norwegian musicians collaborate on this lush debut recording inspired by the lyric beauty of their native North. Recorded in Iceland and Denmark, Gaia's music reflects the allure of exploration and discovery.



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N E V E R M I N D T H E

Here's the SPY M

Last March we invited you to cast your votes for the second annual SPY Music Awards.

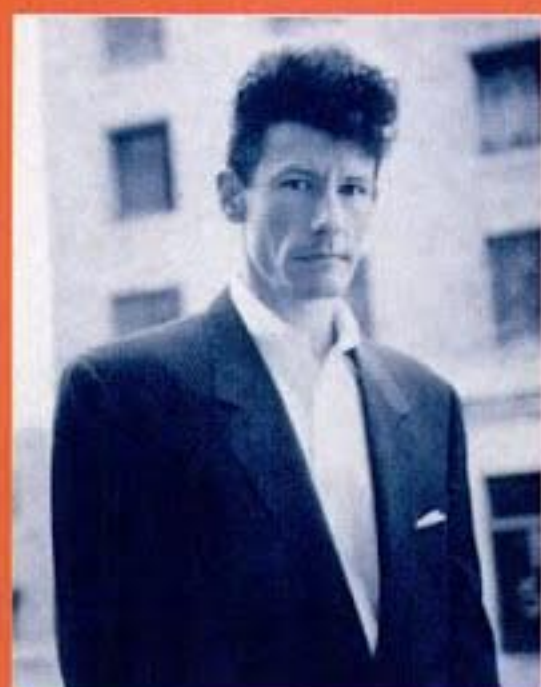
The response this year was enormous. How enormous? Let's just say it was somewhere between the number of people

who voted for Ross Perot and the number of people you can find at any given day at a blood bank. On the positive side, this tells us that our readers are so eager to share their views about what's smart, funny and fearless in popular music that

they would spend 19 cents to mail in the postcard we provided. On the other hand, it means we spent days in a dim, cramped room with poor ventilation, suffering innumerable paper cuts while tallying several thousand votes.

BEST SINGER- SONGWRITER

1. Lyle Lovett
Joshua Judges Ruth (MCA)



2. Tom Waits
Bone Machine (Island)
3. David Byrne
Uh-Oh (Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.)
4. Morrissey
Your Arsenal (Sire/Reprise)

BEST ROCK BAND

1. Sonic Youth
Dirty (Geffen)



2. They Might Be Giants
Apollo 18 (Elektra)
3. XTC
Nonsuch (Geffen)
4. Cracker
Cracker (Virgin)

BEST RAP ACT

1. Arrested Development
3 Years, 5 Months, and 2 Days in the Life of... (Chrysalis/ERG)



2. Beastie Boys
Check Your Head (Capitol)
3. Sir Mix-A-Lot
Mack Daddy (Def American)
4. House of Pain
House of Pain (Tommy Boy)

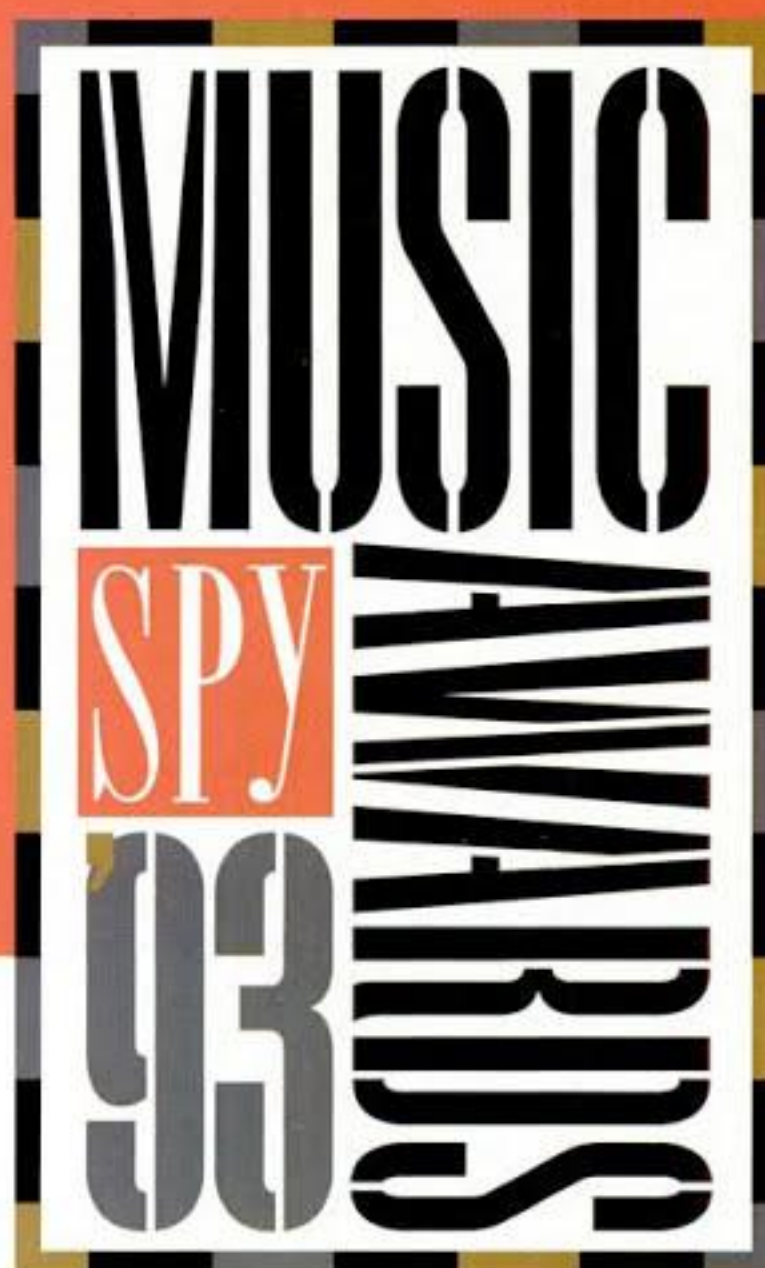
BEST NEW ARTIST

1. Arrested Development
3 Years, 5 Months, and 2 Days in the Life of... (Chrysalis/ERG)

2. Cracker
Cracker (Virgin)
3. Barenaked Ladies
Gordon (Sire/Reprise)
4. The Pooh Sticks
Great White Wonder (Zoo)

G R A M M Y S

Music Awards



We now rest in the knowledge that we have helped forge a consensus about the locus of wit in pop America. We have also increased our office music library (and the music library of our Grand Prize winner,

Mr. Philip Witte of Long Beach, California) by 34 albums.

The results tell us a few things: (1) Arrested Development now has every music award ever created; (2) grunge is not dead (although its appearance in *The New*

York Times Styles section should have killed it); (3) MC Serch is not popular; and (4) Weird Al *is*. Go figure.

BEST ALBUM

1. Tom Waits
Bone Machine (Island)



2. They Might Be Giants
Apollo 18 (Elektra)
3. Sonic Youth
Dirty (Geffen)
4. Beastie Boys
Check Your Head (Capitol)

BEST SINGLE

1. The B-52's
"Good Stuff" (Reprise)



2. Beastie Boys
"So What'cha Want" (Capitol)
3. King Missile
"Detachable Penis" (Atlantic)
4. Sir Mix-A-Lot
"Baby Got Back" (Def American)

BEST VIDEO

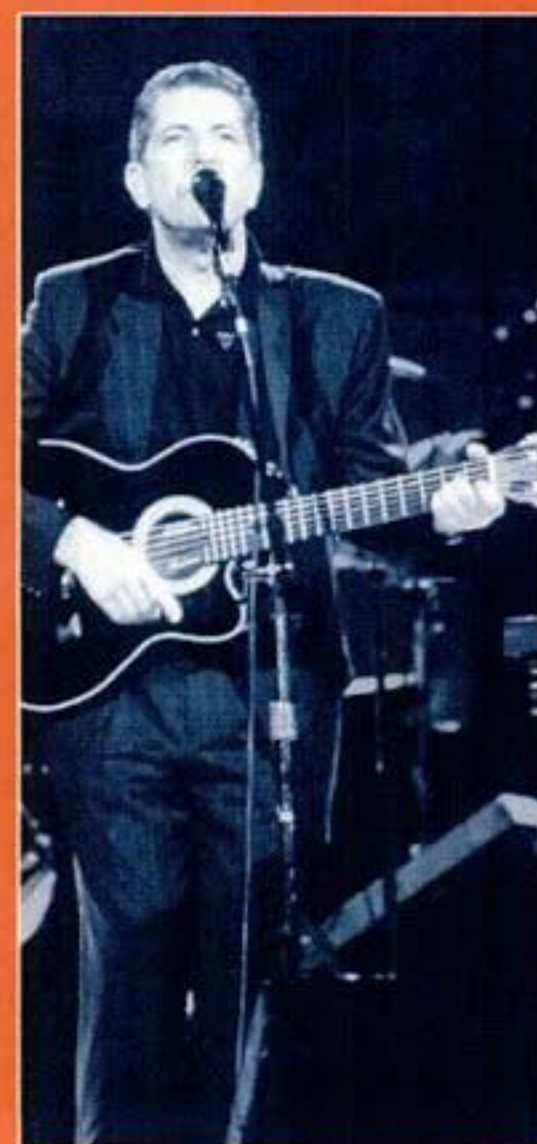
1. "Weird Al" Yankovic
"Smells Like Nirvana" (Scotti Bros.)



2. Nirvana
"In Bloom" (DGC)
3. David Byrne
"She's Mad" (Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.)
4. Tom Waits
"I Don't Wanna Grow Up" (Island)

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT

Leonard Cohen



I SING THE BODY ELECTED

A SURVEY OF SOME
OF OUR LATTER-DAY POET
STATESMEN

BY ED MORBIUS

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, one finds influential political leaders who were also men and women of letters, whose love of political oratory was matched by their appreciation of the classics. The grand English tradition of writer statesmen—particularly poets—began with Chaucer and flourished for 500 years, continuing into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with the likes of Disraeli, Lord Byron and two generations of Churchills. Our own half-century appears at first glance to be one in which a chasm has developed between poets and politicians. But it turns out the grand tradition is alive and well: A close reading of the *Congressional Record* reveals that our current legislators are, in fact, the unacknowledged poets of our world.

Over the years, the *Congressional Record* has been used to sound all manner of emotion recollected in tranquillity. Several of the works excerpted below were actually recited on the floor, but most were simply entered into the *Record*, as is the custom.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL RUSSELL

The unofficial poet laureate in the Rap category is Rep. Major Owens (D-Brooklyn), whose 1991 "Hooray for the Whips" summarizes, he said, "my great desire to be used productively":



HOORAY FOR THE WHIPS

...Are we
PAC asses for the classes
Or strong mules for the masses
I got a whip
You got a whip
All of God's children
Got a whip
Whip for who
Whip for what
Do your duty
Please beat my butt
Whip hard
And make it pay
We need education oats
We need health care hay.

This year Owens has shared his thoughts on Washington insiders ("Incest City") as well as his displeasure at the continued existence of the CIA and the Pentagon ("Milk the Sacred Cows" and "Wimps Without Vision"):

INCEST CITY

The public has a right to know
Full meaning of charges
Made by mad Ross Perot
Cocktail power's
Finest hour
Is after session
Never mind

Financial disclosures
Confess
Your intimate connections
Who's whose mama
And what's your sister's
Married name
Insider trading
Of political information
Is still a legal game....

MILK THE SACRED COWS

No pain
No gain
The CIA budget
Is still insane....
Sea wolves
Are obsolete
An extinct species
Not worth
Their weight in
Biodegradable feces
Sea wolves
Devour reason
Advocate
Intellectual treason....

WIMPS WITHOUT VISION

...Budget Committee wimps
Bowing to burned out
Military pimps
Smiling at scientific whores
From NASA space station
doors....

Owens is the undisputed king of Rap on the floor today, but during the Reagan years there were a number of partisan pretenders to the White Rap—or Doggerel—throne, notably former New York Republican representative Guy Molinari:

UNTITLED (1981)

Tony and Tip were heard to say
"There is only one way to save the day.
We tried it conventionally,

that didn't work
So now fellow Democrats,
let's dish the dirt.
Let's send our releases,
cleverly disguised
With our names on the
bottom, but tiny in size
The news people are dumb,
they are easy to cheat
They'll print what we send
'em, and turn on the heat.
We'll get those seats back to
where they belong
With the wonderful party
that can do no wrong.
Then we'll start spending
money, as we once did
before
And boot those Republicans
right off the Floor.
What a wonderful future we
all have in view!
Even if it's immoral, and
slandorous too!
Lie cheat and libel, speak
untruths and such
The public won't mind it,
they love us too much."

In the Inspirational/Free Verse category, it's a toss-up between Republican senators William Cohen of Maine and Orrin Hatch of Utah. Here is a portion of Cohen's 1982 meditation on his then-17-year-old son, Kevin:



FOR KEVIN

...I watch you turn
in the membrane
of your sleep,
a flutter of infinity
roars in my ears
but makes no sound.
I wonder



does my father
stand mute
in his flour-filled days
that shrink to their
cosmic conclusion
and hear this drip
of the universe?

By contrast, here are some of Hatch's 1986 reminiscences on his former colleague Jacob Javits, the late New York senator:



THE MAN WHO LOVED THE SENATE

...Born to poor
Jewish immigrants
On Manhattan's
Lower East Side,
He overcame poverty
To become,
As he was fond
Of saying,
"A Senate Man."...
The deliberative process,
The discussion,
"The finding a way,"
As he put it,
Intrigued him.
He knew well the rules
Of the Chamber,
Cherished its traditions,
Respected its moods.
He had all the qualities
Of a Senate Man....

Cohen's and Hatch's works were so highly thought of that they were mentioned (though not read) on the floor of the Senate. They are plainly the work of men who do not believe that writing free verse is like playing tennis with the net down.

Their only competition comes from beyond the grave—the late Illinois senator Everett Dirksen's "The Marigold" is still placed in the *Record* from time to time:

THE MARIGOLD

...It marches through spring,
summer,
And autumn until the frost of
early winter
Takes its toll...robust,
rugged, bright,
Stately, single-colored, and
multi-colored,
Somehow able to resist the
onslaughts of insects...
What a flower the marigold is.

But the Congressional Muse also moves some members to experiment with more structured verse forms, and they move effortlessly from high culture to popular idioms. Fragments of a few samples will suffice—local hero Mario Biaggi's celebration of New York City's 1983 bond rating; former Mississippi Republican representative Trent Lott's 1984 homage to Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the name of the budget; now-deceased Massachusetts Republican representative Silvio Conte's 1984 updating of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" to discourse on the federal bailout of western timber companies; former California Republican representative William Dannemeyer's 1984 Nashian limerick on Budget Committee maneuvers; Colorado Republican senator Hank Brown's 1984 Third-World-loan-crisis version of Kipling's "If"; and Louisiana Democratic senator J. Bennett Johnston's moving lament on the omission of his (and Vermont colleague Patrick Leahy's) name from a piece of 1986 legislation:



WITH APOLOGIES TO FRANK SINATRA

BY MARIO BIAGGI

Start spreading the news
We have made it a long way
From fiscal depths to
Moody's A
New York, New York....
Our financial blues
Are melting away
We want to stay away from
them
New York, New York....

A LOVE SONNET FROM CONGRESS TO THE GOVERNMENT

BY TRENT LOTT

How do we fund thee? Let me
count the ways.
We fund thee with
continuing resolutions by
the days.
We fund thee to the depth
and breadth and height
Our political souls can reach,
when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Reelection
and ideal Grace....

VILLAGE BUDGET BUSTERS

BY SILVIO CONTE

Under the federal money tree,
the timber company
stands;

A business married to
Adam Smith
With large and outstretched
hands.
And the lobbyists of this
industry
Are determined to rape the
lands....

THE CHAIRMAN WORE NO CLOTHES

BY WILLIAM DANNEMEYER

There came an amendment
from Budget,
Whose chairman attempted to
fudge it;
Attempting to fool, he crafted
a rule,
And with red ink proceeded
to smudge it....

UNTITLED

BY HANK BROWN

If you can keep your capital
when all about you are
losing theirs, and blaming
it on you;
If you can get the government
to bail you out, no matter
what you do;
If you make loans to
Argentina, there is no need
to fret;
For billion-dollar bankers can
saddle others with their
debt....

ODE TO JOHNSTON-LEAHY

A rose by another name may
smell as sweet,
But our bill without our
names would not be as neat.
We mailed our Dear Colleague
on June 29th,
And were surprised on the
30th to find ours last in
line....

Thus does the *Congressional Record*, otherwise a quotidian monument to the drab pageant staged in the chambers and halls of the Capitol, enable our lawmakers to walk among "the bards sublime, whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of Time." And one can only applaud the apparent trend toward an *increase* in the quantity of verse published in the *Record*, for as Lord Roscommon observed in the seventeenth century, "True poets are the guardians of the State." Consider, in this spirit, the didactic and amusing qualities praised by New York Democratic senator Daniel Moynihan in a 1984 poem to another underrated versifier, and whether those qualities are not present in the other works we've examined herein:



HAPPY 80th BIRTHDAY, DR. SEUSS

...Known to us grownups as
Theodor Seuss Geisel,
He has done children's
literature and many things
well.
From army films to ads, his
talents never quit.
From Gerald McBoing-Boing
to "Quick, Henry! The
Flit!"...
Yertle the Turtle, the Cat in
the Hat
Are his creations and never fall
flat.
They stand quite real,
Like all he has done,
They teach with zeal,
And also with fun....

POESY



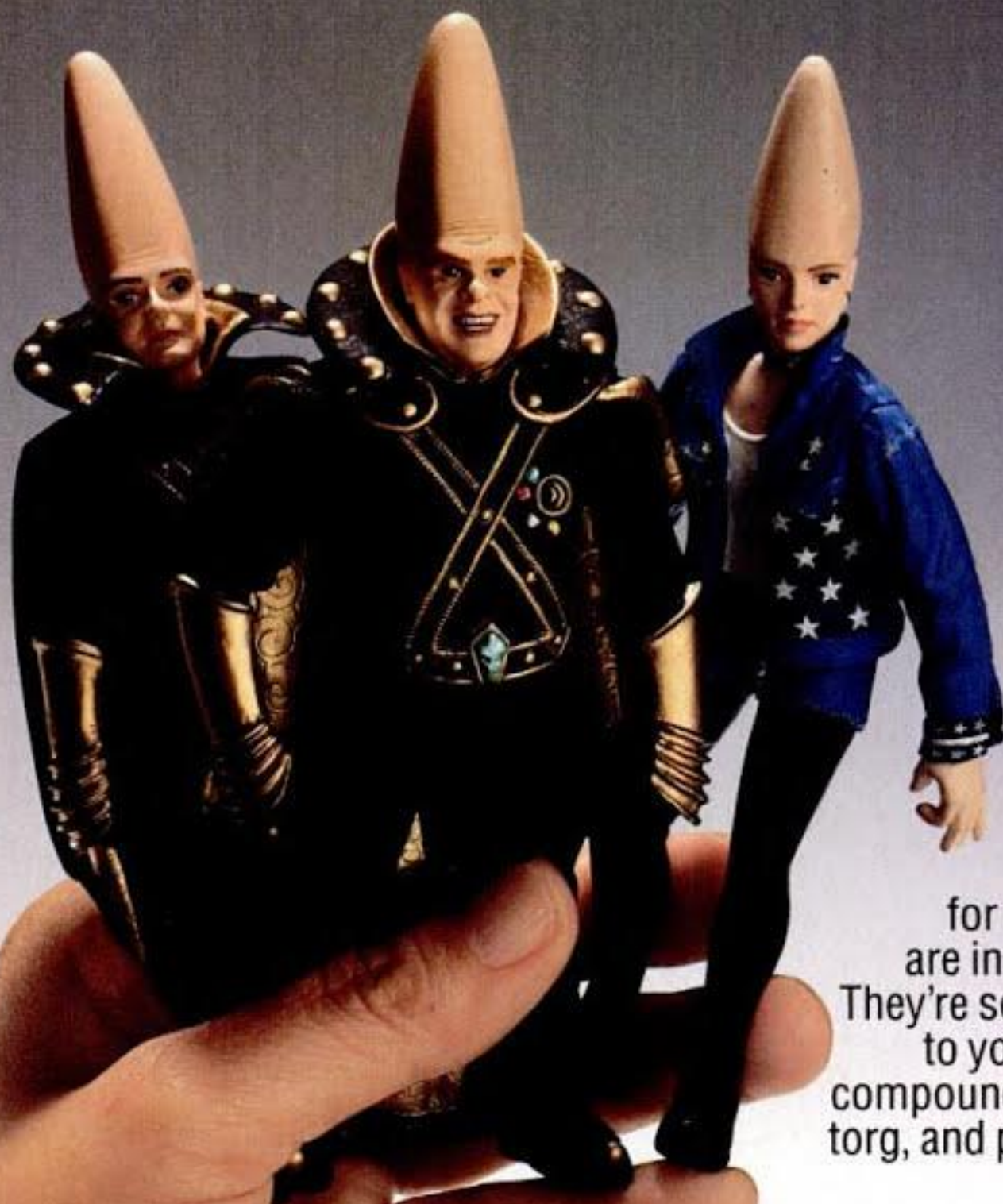
TO THE PEOPLE

You don't have to be a congressman to get your work into the *Congressional Record*! Simply send your poems to your senator or representative; if he or she likes them, you'll be the next participant in this de facto publicly funded arts program. Here, for example, is one of the many published works of a constituent named Marcellus Bosworth, whom we have chosen to cite because of his status as the Poet Laureate of Osage Beach, Missouri. His sponsor, former representative Wendell Bailey (R-Mo.), pointed out in the *Record* that this honor was bestowed by the Osage Beach Chamber of Commerce in 1975. Here is Bosworth on the contemporary lack of true statesmen:

Where have all the statesmen
gone—
Those men of Yesteryear
Who stood above temptation's call
Immune to threat or fear?...
These times severely try men's
souls—
And many fail the test;
But surely somewhere someone
waits
To rise above the rest!
Who will answer—who will dare
To walk where statesmen lead
To fight for Right and
Righteousness
In this, our time of need? **D**

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and Agent Seedling. These Coneheads figures are authentic in every detail, right up to their conical heads. Coneheads have been laugh-getting favorites for 18 years, so these figures are incredible collectors' items. They're so great you'll want to rush to your nearest enclosed retail compound, plop down some living-torg, and purchase mass quantities.

Playmates

CONEHEADSTM

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BIG PICTURES

This month: *Beauty secrets of the star-bound; Japanese who worship The Big One. Plus: babies in jeopardy!* **August 1993**



LIPSTICK? CHECK! French astronaut-in-training Claudie André-Deshays prepares for liftoff.

SPY BIG PICTURE





A Sri Lankan police officer apprehends a suspect in the assassination of President Ranasinghe Premadasa.

SPY! BIG PICTURES



Disproving the stereotype at
a fertility ceremony in Tokyo

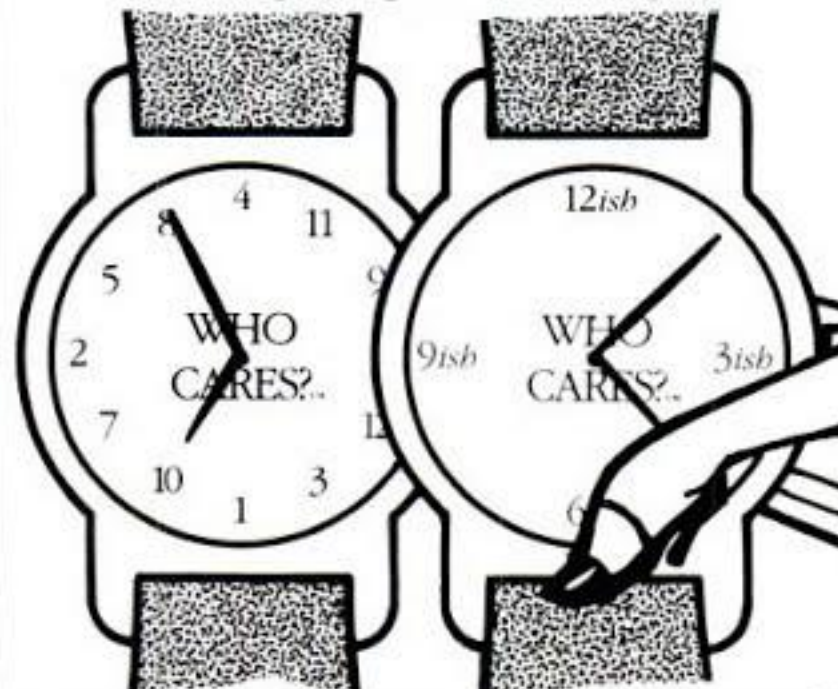


SPY BIG PICTURES



A baby-jumper makes the leap of faith at a baptismal ceremony in Castillo de Murcia, Spain.

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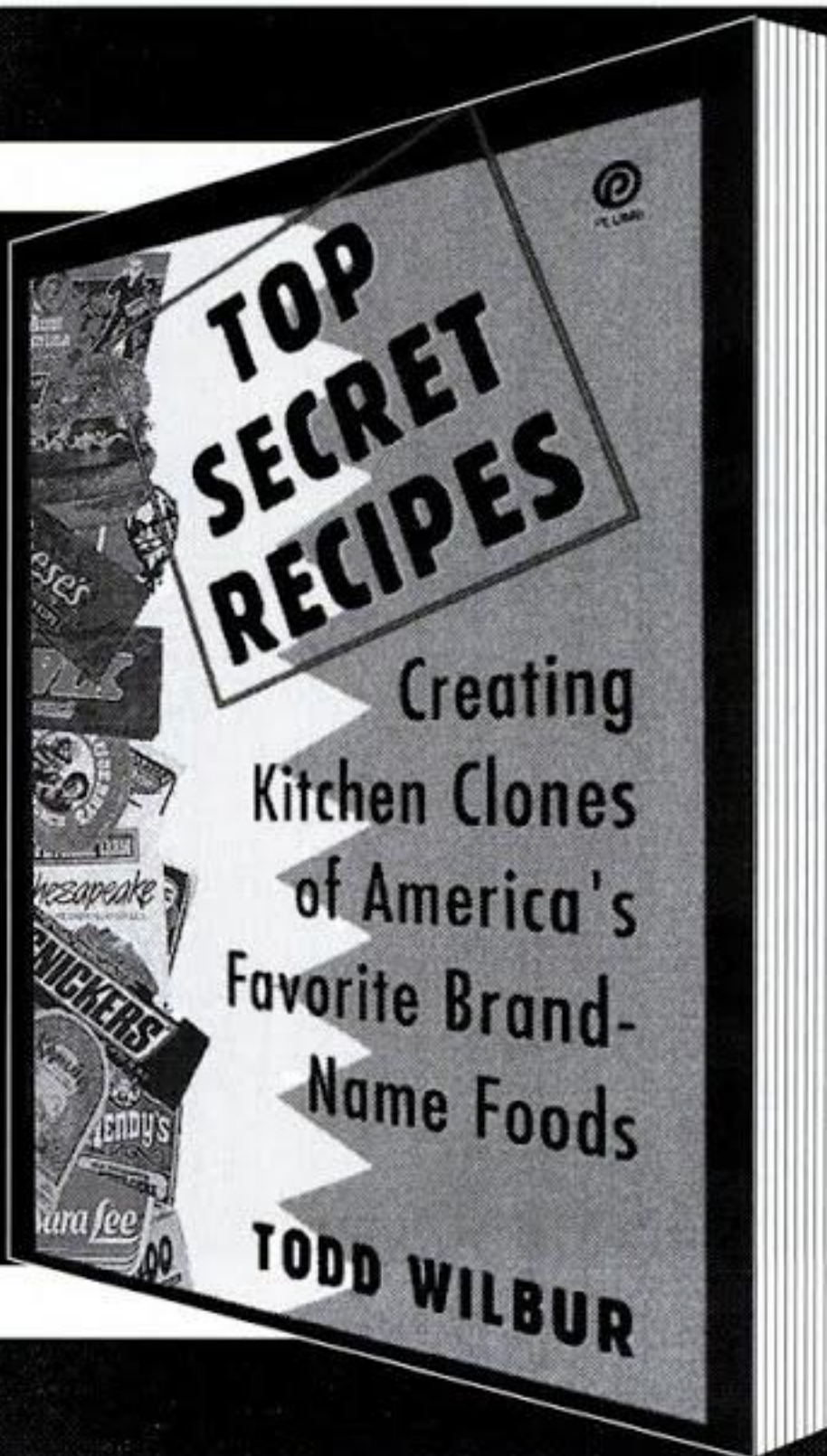
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in the
kitchen with
Colonel Sanders,
Mrs. Fields,
Ben and Jerry...**



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**A SPY
SPECIAL REPORT**

MAN OF DIS- HONOR

BY JOHN CONNOLLY

CAA CHIEF MICHAEL OVITZ'S MOST DARING CREATION IS STEVEN SEAGAL. ON-SCREEN, SEAGAL PORTRAYS SIMPLE MEN OF ACTION FIGHTING THE FORCES OF EVIL AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. IN REAL LIFE, HE OFTEN WORKS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET.

**SEPTEMBER 1989:
ROBERT STRICKLAND, A TALL,**

ILLUSTRATION BY DAN SWEETMAN

DARK 68-YEAR-OLD BUSINESS-MAN AND FORMER CONTRACT EMPLOYEE OF THE CIA, IS ON THE SET OF *MARKED FOR DEATH*, STARRING STEVEN SEAGAL.

Strickland has known Seagal for more than a decade, since they were both in Japan, where Seagal worked in his mother-in-law's dojo (or martial-arts school) and Strickland worked for the spooks. Seagal has been telling the press that he too worked for the agency—a claim neither the press nor Strickland has been able to substantiate but that certainly adds to the aura of terminal menace the Mike Ovitz protégé likes to project. *Perhaps*, goes a common Hollywood jest of the time, *Seagal has the CIA and CAA confused*.

Strickland is enjoying the ultimate accolade that Hollywood bestows on civilians—he's sitting in the star's trailer. The star is mouthing off about one

Gary Goldman, an ex-mercenary with whom he was collaborating on a screenplay the previous year. The two have had a falling-out over money and screenplay credits, and Goldman, in revenge, has written a letter to the *Los Angeles Times* exposing Seagal's supposed intelligence background as a tissue of exploitative lies. This has made the tough guy very unhappy.

Seagal gets around to the point of the meeting, pulling out of a drawer a confidential profile of Goldman assembled by private investigators. Strickland, long aware that Seagal can be hotheaded, finds this something of an overreaction to a squabble over a screenplay. But the dossier is peanuts compared with what happens next. "I'd like you to do me a favor," says Mr. Ovitz's fair-haired boy, reaching under the table and pulling out an attaché case. "I'd like you to kill Gary Goldman."

He opens the case. It contains \$50,000 in cash.

All the stunned Strickland can say is, "You're crazy."

The actor looks merely frustrated. "If you won't do it," Strickland recalls him saying, "get someone who will. Pay him what you want and keep the rest."



Honor eluded future megastar Seagal at Buena Park High School, where he was only a fair student.

LATE 1990. THE SET OF *OUT FOR JUSTICE*. SAME PRINCIPALS—Seagal and Strickland. Raeanne Malone, one of four women hired by Warner Bros. to serve as Seagal's personal assistants, is in the bathroom of his trailer, brushing her teeth. Strickland watches as Seagal begins loudly calling for Malone, saying he needs her immediately. She emerges still brushing her teeth. "Gee, Raeanne," says the man of honor and protector of the weak. "You look like that when I come in your mouth."

In May 1991 all four assistants—Malone, Nicole Selinger, Christine Keever and another woman—quit because of Seagal's continuing piggery. Three of them threaten to bring sexual-harassment charges against him. Malone and another of the women, in return for a pledge of confidentiality, are paid in the vicinity of \$50,000 each.

SUMMER 1991: A TOP-LEVEL SECURITY CONSULTANT, A 28-YEAR veteran of a government intelligence agency, flies from Washington to New York at Seagal's behest. He is picked up by Seagal's limousine, driven to his home on Staten Island and ushered out to the pool, where, shortly thereafter, he is joined by Seagal and his business partner, Julius Nasso.

The purpose of this meeting? Seagal wants the consultant to set up Alan Richman, a writer from *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. Seagal doesn't like the way he came across in a story Richman

wrote about him; in fact, he has already gone on *Arsenio* and called Richman "a five-foot-two fat little male impersonator." (Richman is, in fact, a lean, five-foot-nine former Army captain.)

Seagal tells the consultant that Richman is gay—"a fag," in the actor's words. (Richman is actually heterosexual.) He wants Richman set up with a homosexual "to get pictures of Richman going down on the man." The pictures are to be used to destroy Richman's career.

The security consultant, incredulous, refuses.

But Seagal is undaunted. Later on in the meeting he asks his guest what it would take to "whack" a certain man from Chicago. Our man asks Seagal if he means whack as in "whack dead." Replies Seagal, referring to the man's intelligence background, "Of course, you people do that all the time."

"You're crazy," says the consultant, and once again Seagal's bid to contract a murder is refused. (The consultant later told SPY, "I don't really know whether if you agreed to hit some guy, if he'd draw up a contract for you, or if this is just his way of saying that 'anyone who crosses me might get hit.'")

STEVEN SEAGAL IS A MOVIE STAR, MORE specifically an action movie star. The public has long since stopped believing in the movie star as moral paragon, but an odd residue of affectionate respect clings to action stars, probably because they're men of brawn-over-brain, seem-



One of Robert Strickland's favorite snapshots: Seagal sporting someone else's military-issue beret with someone else's insignia

ingly incapable of the treachery, duplicity and calculation associated with intelligence. Action heroes, whatever their personal flaws, benefit more than other movie stars from the mythical figures they portray. Steven Seagal, the latest addition to the pantheon, is no exception.

But Seagal stands apart from his action-hero brothers. With Seagal, the gap between myth and reality makes the shortcomings of Arnie, Chuck and Sly look like kid stuff. After a six-month-long investigation, SPY has concluded that Seagal is not simply a fraud, a liar, a coward and a bully but also a onetime bigamist who on at least two occasions said he wanted to contract out a murder, who had to settle a nasty sexual-harassment claim and who, not surprisingly, hires and does business with people having ties to organized crime.

Almost everything you've ever bothered to read about Steven Seagal is a lie. It is true that he has starred in five motion pictures, and it's also true that he has a black belt in aikido. Apart from those facts, there is little you can count on.

Once, for example, Seagal said on *Arsenio* that he had spent a lot of his youth in Brooklyn. In fact, he was born in Michigan and lived there until he was five, when his family moved to California. He later clarified his recollection, saying he had visited cousins in Brooklyn. Also, he seems to distance himself from his Jewish side. Mom was Irish and the family worshiped indifferently, as Catholics or Episcopalians. But Dad was Jewish, and the family pronounced its name the normal way: SEE-gul. When he and Gary Goldman were in business



Seagal (left) in Beverly Hills with his business partner, Julius Nasso. Note the extraordinary muscle definition in the action star's upper body, especially in the biceps, triceps and pecs.

together, Seagal said he didn't want to call their production company Seagal/Goldman Productions "because that would sound too much like two Jews from the garment business." Shortly after that, the actor returned from an art exhibit where he had seen a painting by Chagall. The work moved him to decree that thereafter he would call himself SeGAL. He declined to attend his father's funeral in 1990.

The actor is even trickier about his personal relationships. He told Bob Strickland that he married Miyako Fujitani because he had gone to Japan in the first place to avoid the draft, and by marrying a Japanese national he would be less likely to be sent back to the United States. (Of course, if Seagal's birthdate is April 10, 1952—other dates have been published—his lottery number of 194 was probably high enough that he had nothing to fear from the Selective Service.) In 1991, however, Seagal told *Movieline* that he'd married Fujitani because she was pregnant. Fujitani denies this. In an interview with SPY, Fujitani, who has a greater facility for dates, laid down chapter and verse. "I met Steven in California in the fall of 1974," she told us. "He followed me back to Japan in October. We got married in December 1974. Our first child, Kentaro, was born on October 3, 1975."

SOURCES SAY SE NOT JUST LOADE

Seagal has often bragged that he was the first and only Occidental to own and run a dojo in Japan. In fact, the dojo, which was founded by Fujitani's father, a noted aikido black belt, was owned by his mother-in-law and managed by his wife, herself a black belt. Seagal has also boasted of his courage in battling criminals. Sometimes the thugs are members of the Yakuza, the Japanese Mafia; other times, they are mere garden-variety criminals. "I jumped right in their faces," Seagal told *Movieline*. "I was a tenacious motherfucker, man, and I was fearless."

"It is a lie," Fujitani told SPY. "He once chased a few drunks away from the dojo but never was involved with the Yakuza." She also has some insight into Seagal's distinction as the first Occidental to receive an aikido black belt. "The only reason Steven was awarded the black belt was because the judge, who was famous for his laziness,

fell asleep during Steven's presentation," she says. "The judge just gave him the black belt." And while Seagal has since risen to the sixth level of black belt, martial-arts buffs scoff at his prowess because he has never competed.

Of course, Miyako Fujitani has reason to be unhappy with Seagal. She told SPY that it was Seagal's ambition to return to America to seek his fortune in either the movies or the restaurant business, and that she scrimped and saved for years, even denying herself and her children necessities, to help pay his way home. Before he left Japan in 1980, Seagal told her, "I always do the right thing; I never will betray you." According to Fujitani, he then availed himself of her savings and hied off to America, where, without bothering to divorce her, he married Adrienne La Russa in 1984.

If Seagal has a bad memory for dates, he has a simply awful memory for wives. About a year after entering into a state of bigamy with La Russa, Seagal became interested in the actress-shampoo pitchwoman Kelly LeBrock. According to Joe Hyams, a vice president of publicity at Warner Bros. since 1970, Seagal saw LeBrock in the 1984 Gene Wilder vehicle *Woman in Red*. Hyams remembers Seagal saying, "She is my destiny." Hyams was friends with LeBrock's former agent, Jerry Pam; he arranged a dinner where Seagal could meet Pam. "During dinner," Hyams recalls, "Seagal asked Pam what was the best way to get publicity. Pam told him the best way was to be seen in the company of somebody famous. Later Seagal asked if Pam could help him meet Kelly LeBrock. Pam told Seagal that Kelly was currently in Japan."

The bigamist then flew to Japan to woo the woman who would become his third wife. Within two weeks they were lovers, and within the year she was expecting his child. By this time, Adrienne La Russa had decided to file for an annulment. Seagal did not dispute her motion, and she didn't seek any financial damages or support from him. "Not only did I not ask for anything," La Russa told SPY, "but I gave him money for months afterward just to get him out of my life." She added, "I can't say very much, because I am afraid of Steven and his friends." At about the same time, Fujitani divorced Seagal,

SEAGAL PACKS A .45 IN HIS BELT, BUT COCKED AND CHAMBERED

leaving him free to marry LeBrock.

It's not surprising to hear that Seagal would accept money from women when he leaves them. Before he broke into movies, it was well known that he was having financial problems. A dojo he had opened when he returned from Japan in 1980 failed; a second one was doing only moderately well. According to his friend Bob Strickland, Seagal was so desperate for cash in 1985 that he arranged for a soldier-of-fortune friend to steal LeBrock's Porsche Carrera for the insurance money. Seagal, who was just breaking his way into film at the time, told the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* that he'd tried to catch the thief. (When reached by SPY, the friend refused to comment.)

Seagal had other sources of wealth more mysterious than insurance fraud. His pal Mark Mikita, who runs a dojo in L.A. and has known Seagal since his days as a martial-arts instructor, says that on at least two occasions a flat-broke Seagal disappeared for a week and returned flush with cash. (This claim has been corroborated by Joe Hyams.) According to Mikita, Seagal once returned with a new car and a stack of \$100 bills six inches high. Seagal boasted to Mikita and Hyams that he had pulled a hit for the mob to get the money.

Is any part of this bragging the truth? And if it is, is the man personally dangerous? He certainly likes to be perceived as tough. He's fond of portentous phrases like "I'm not the one who got hurt or carried away," or—endlessly—"I'm a man of honor."

Hot air? Maybe. According to several SPY sources, Seagal packs a .45 in his belt, not just loaded but cocked and chambered. Some might think this tough, others merely cretinous, since he's just as likely to shoot himself in the testicles as to drop an attacker.

The most frequent way Seagal projects danger is by referring to his period of service for the CIA. For example, he told the *Los Angeles Times* that while he was in Japan, he was an adviser to several CIA



Left, the Staten Island home of international top-grossing megastar Seagal. Right, the home of business partner Nasso, a pharmacist.

GOLDMAN WROTE, "THE PLAIN SEAGAL WAS AND IS A GUTLESS

agents, and through them he met "many powerful people" for whom he did "special work and favors."

Seagal undoubtedly knew some agents; perhaps it was from them that he appropriated the heroic tales he tells about himself. According to Mark Mikita, the actor specializes in taking bits of other people's experiences and claiming them as his own. On one occasion, one of Seagal's students, a former Green Beret, was talking about his time in Laos. Later Seagal told the same story to another group, only now he had become the protagonist. Unfortunately, the Green Beret was in the group. Mikita remembers the soldier saying, "Hey, idiot, that's *my* story!"

Once Seagal became famous, it was essential that he maintain his mysterious facade. In early 1988 he was collaborating on a screenplay with two

writers, Temma Kramer and the aforementioned Goldman, who describes himself as "an unconventional-warfare and intelligence specialist." During a *Los Angeles Times* interview at the time, Seagal once again floated a vague tale of his association with the CIA. Perhaps the reporter, Patrick Goldstein, was skeptical, because Seagal took the further step of persuading Goldman to back up his tale. "I know this much," Goldman told the *Times*. "I've been out with Steven on several missions, and he knows how to get things done. He has a certain high level of skill that you don't just pick up reading fantasy magazines. I don't think anyone would question his capabilities." Goldman then carefully added, "I think it would be fair to say that at some point in time Uncle Sam recruited Steven because they thought he had particular talents that would prove useful on certain assignments."

The following year, Seagal and Goldman had their argument about money. This prompted Goldman to send a letter to Goldstein recanting everything he had said about Seagal's CIA background. SPY has obtained a copy of that letter, dated August 18, 1989. "Please accept this written apology for any deception, stated or implied, that I may have conveyed," Goldman wrote. "The plain truth of the matter is that Seagal was and is a gutless coward who is trying to convert the heroic deeds of those brave men into a personal history for himself."

In an interview with SPY, Goldman says he had long known that Seagal tends to tell grandiose tales about himself. Late in 1988, a former soldier of fortune and treasure hunter named Randy Widner invited Seagal, Goldman and another man to hunt for treasure off the coast of Barbados. At that time, Seagal had been telling Goldman that he'd been a U.S. Navy SEAL. Evidently this was one frogman who did not take well to water. As Goldman recalls, "Randy was driving [a Zodiac raft] in circles while Steven and I carried the gear out to him. The surf was unbelievable, really tough....He started screaming and panicking and was sure he was going to die and all that crap." Goldman says Seagal had to be helped onto the vessel. "Widner had to pull Seagal by his hair; I pushed his ass onto the boat with my shoulder." Later that evening, Goldman says, he realized that Seagal could not read a compass or a map. (Seagal describes himself as "autistic with numbers.") With that, Goldman says, he totally dismissed the notion that Seagal had ever been involved in any covert actions. In his letter to the *Times* reporter, Goldman wrote that Seagal "would surely die of starvation if he was given a compass and a map that led to a restaurant five miles away."

About a month after Goldman wrote his letter to Goldstein, the reporter ran into Seagal at a movie premiere and brought it up. A few days later, Goldman says, he got an angry call from Seagal that ended up "almost conciliatory," with him assuring Goldman that he'd help him in the future.

Meanwhile—as we have seen from Bob Strickland's ac-



Seagal with his third wife, Kelly LeBrock, whom he described as "my destiny" while he was still married to two other women.

TRUTH IS TOWARD

count—the actor was asking his old friend to kill Goldman for \$50,000. But it wasn't enough that Strickland dismissed the offer out of hand. For months afterward, Strickland says, Seagal repeated the request, until early the following year, when Seagal told him Goldman had left the country. (Indeed, Goldman went to the Philippines in early 1990 and did not return for two years.) The Los Angeles Police Department recently started looking into the whole affair.

Among the reasons Strickland maintained the relationship was that they had other dealings. Seagal wanted to make a movie based on Strickland's life, and in May 1990 he paid Strickland a \$50,000 advance on a \$250,000 payment for the rights to his life story. In December 1991 they too had a falling-out. Strickland concluded that Seagal was representing his adventures as moments from his own life. He even saw Seagal on *Arsenio* recounting an adventure from his heroic days with the CIA; the adventure, of course, had really been Strickland's.

The CIA man, angry in the extreme, called Seagal and demanded that the actor stop appropriating his life, and said that if he didn't, he would expose Seagal as a phony. And in fact he soon did, detailing all these accusations in a letter to Seagal's agent, CAA chief Mike Ovitz.

Why Ovitz? Because Ovitz, as is widely known in Hollywood, is Seagal's

protector, mentor and presumably—from time to time—his handler.

The boilerplate story about how Seagal got started in show business is that Ovitz was one of his martial-arts students. Ovitz, according to legend, believed Seagal had stardom written all over him and prevailed upon Warner Bros. to give him a screen test, then cast him in a movie. The rest, as they say, is history.

Unfortunately, the truth is less tidy. For example, Seagal was not exactly a blank slate upon which Ovitz could project his destiny-bending vision; friends say Seagal had been trying to get into movies as far back as his time in Japan. Additionally, the claim that Ovitz was Seagal's student—repeated as recently as this May in *The New Yorker*—has been refuted by Seagal, who told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1988 that Ovitz was never his pupil, but that the two "love each other"; in the same interview, Seagal described himself as Ovitz's "guru."



Seagal in his office on the Warners lot, with former friend and ex-CIA operative Robert Strickland. According to Strickland, Seagal appropriated adventures from Strickland's life and claimed they were his own.

APPARENTLY HIS FRIENDS WITNESSING TO GIVE SEAGAL A SCHIAFFO

Joe Hyams, the Warner Bros. executive, is also a martial-arts buff; he and his wife, Elke Sommer, often put Seagal up early in his career. Hyams has no idea how the Ovitz-Seagal connection formed, but it was clearly strong. "For whatever reason," Hyams told SPY, "Ovitz wanted Warner Bros. to give Seagal a picture. He suggested to Warners that in return for giving Seagal a picture, he would have Richard Donner, who was his client, direct the sequel to the very successful *Lethal Weapon*."

At the same time, someone at CAA, possibly Ovitz, arranged for Seagal to demonstrate his martial-arts skills before a group of Warner Bros. executives. Dressed in full regalia—baggy black pantaloons and white robes—Seagal put on a show that deeply impressed the executives. "It was quite miraculous," Warner Bros. president Terry Semel told the *Los Angeles Times*. "With just a toss of his hand, Steven would send the other guy flying. It was pretty astounding." What Mark Mikita—who participated in the demonstration—finds astounding is that none of the executives seemed to know that the whole thing was orchestrated. "I still can't believe those guys at Warners didn't know it was a rehearsed demonstration," Mikita told SPY. "It shouldn't have fooled anybody. Seagal could not toss me or anyone else in the air unless we were in on it."

According to Hyams, Warners was impressed enough to hire Andy Davis, an up-and-coming director, and spend \$50,000 on a screen test for Seagal. "The test was a disaster," Hyams says. "Seagal's voice was squeaky, and he did not come across well on-screen." At that point, Hyams says, Ovitz took a most unusual step: He went back to Warners and offered them Donner for *Lethal Weapon 2* for the same fee he'd gotten for the incredibly successful original. Whether the latter part of this deal went down is unknown (Don-

ner would not return our phone calls), but Seagal got his break.

In careful studiospeak, Warners acknowledged the unusual nature of an arrangement in which a mega-agent with a premium and well-established client may have trifled with that client's advantage in order to promote a total and minimally talented unknown: "Michael has been one of Steven's major supporters," Terry Semel told the *Times*. "He went far beyond the role of just being Steven's agent. In fact, with the type of superstar client list Michael has, you wouldn't normally see him work so closely with a first-time actor."

What's the explanation for Seagal's extraordinarily rapid advance? Does he have powerful friends other than Ovitz? Certainly he claims to, and they tend to be invoked when he has differences with people.

A case in point: After Bob Strickland noticed that Seagal was appropriating his stories, he left dozens of messages warning him to stop. Seagal filed a harassment suit against Strickland and got an order of protection against him. In answer, Strickland filed a sworn affidavit in Burbank Superior Court. Among much else, Strickland said, "On December 11, 1991, Steven Seagal stated to me, in my attorney's presence, 'If anybody from the CIA fucks with me, they will be hurt.' He claimed he was backed by very powerful people." (Charlotte Bissell, who was present as Strickland's attorney, confirmed his statement.)

(It should be said that Strickland has periodically been hospitalized for depression, but his doctor says he is in no way delusional.)

The affidavit went on to state that a mutual friend named James Berkley "called me from New York...and advised me to 'watch my ass.' He stated that my safety could be in jeopardy because Steven Seagal is backed by powerful people who have a vested financial interest in preserving his image and reputation." When interviewed by SPY, Berkley elaborated little, saying only, "You don't fuck with people from 18th Avenue in Brooklyn."

JULIUS NASSO IS A 40-YEAR-OLD PHARMACIST FROM STATEN ISLAND AND the owner of Universal Marine Supply Company, which supplies pharmaceuticals to merchant vessels. He is also Steven Seagal's partner in Steamroller Entertainment, formerly Seagal/Nasso Productions, which has its New York headquarters on the second floor of Nasso's offices on 12th Avenue in Brooklyn. It's not clear how he and Seagal became partners. In an interview with SPY, Nasso said he broke into filmmaking in 1984, when he served as an assistant to the late director Sergio Leone during the filming of *Once Upon a Time in America*. He said his good friend Tony Danza, the actor, was instrumental in getting him involved. Danza told SPY, "I know Nasso, but he's no friend of mine. I didn't introduce him to Seagal."

Seagal tells people Nasso is his cousin, and Nasso sort of agrees. "Our ancestors were related," Nasso told us, although he couldn't be more specific. Nasso is Italian and immigrated to the United States from Sicily when he was three. Seagal is Irish and Jewish. America is a wonderful melting pot, but this seems to stretch all limits, baffling even Seagal's mother. "I never heard of Jules until a few years ago," Pat Seagal told SPY. "I know he's not related to us."

HELD THEIR FINANC- A SLAP IN THE FACE

Of course, if in fact Seagal and Julius Nasso were cousins, they might have the same uncle. In an interview in *The New York Times*, Nasso shows respect for his successful uncle, the one for whom he was named, the one for whom at one time or another he worked. That would be Julius Nasso, the owner of Julius Nasso Concrete Corporation. In 1985 the U.S. Attorney's Office in New York charged Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno and ten other defendants with a wide range of racketeering activities, including extorting money from construction companies to submit fraudulently rigged bids. Julius Nasso Concrete was named in a civil case for participating in the bid-rigging scheme. Employees of Julius Nasso Concrete testified for the government, and Salerno was sentenced to 100 years in prison.

Whether or not Nasso and Seagal are cousins, they are certainly close. Nasso served as Seagal's best man when he married Kelly LeBrock, and he is godfather to their two children. Also, they are next-door neighbors. And yet, they are more than neighbors—tax records show that Nasso is the co-holder of the deed to Seagal's Staten Island home, the one with the \$560,000 mortgage, which sits across from the house formerly occupied by the late Tommy Billotti, who was whacked with Gambino boss Paul Castellano in 1985.

In a deposition in a civil assault case in which Seagal is involved, Seagal stated under oath that he doesn't know how much money he has, doesn't know what he owns and doesn't know what he is paid per picture. At that point, his attorney, Martin Singer, interrupted with a clarification: Seagal does not have an individual contract with Warner Bros.; other people are involved. In fact, the contract is with Steamroller, and the other party is Nasso. Nasso seems to have quite a bit to say about Seagal's financial affairs. For example, when Bob Strickland's business deal with Seagal soured, he was told to repay the advance, which had been drawn on Seagal's personal account, not to the actor but to Nasso.

Last December, Nasso—whose business card identifies him as a Warner Bros. producer—hosted a party aboard the U.S.S. *Intrepid* in New York Harbor for the foreign distributors of Seagal's recent hit, *Under Siege*. In his interview with SPY, Nasso said he "was active in the foreign distribution of Seagal's films." Why Warner Bros., which has the largest foreign-distribution system of any studio, would need the help of a pharmacist is anyone's guess. Warner Bros. refused to be interviewed for this story.

Nasso's own explanation to SPY for his involvement in the global distribution of Seagal's first movie, *Above the Law*: "Because of my experience in the drug business [i.e., the pharmaceutical-drug business], I had contacts all over the world."

Goofy though this sounds, it's pretty harmless. Far less innocent are the people with mob connections who've gone Hollywood with Seagal. One of the technical advisers on the set of *Under Siege* was Robert Booth Nichols, who has been identified in federal wiretaps as associating with the Gambino crime family. [See The Fine Print, SPY, July 1989.] A retired Navy captain named Joseph John who was a technical adviser on the same movie—responsible for securing use of the



U.S.S. *Missouri* for the movie—described Seagal and Nichols as “ass-hole buddies”; Seagal even cast Nichols in a tiny role. Another performer in a Seagal film, Jerry Ciauri, is the stepson of a Mafia capo, Robert Zambardi, who reportedly got Seagal to give his stepson a part in *Out for Justice*. Seagal hired Ciauri, who has ambitions to be a movie star, to play a bookmaker. In a key scene, Seagal beats up a number of bad guys in a bar; the one varmint who never takes a punch is Ciauri. “No way Seagal was going to take a swing at Bobby Zam’s kid,” SPY was told. Ciauri is awaiting trial on charges of attempted murder, grand larceny and coercion.

SEAGAL WOULD HAVE MADE HIS DIRECTORIAL DEBUT ON A FILM CALLED *Man of Honor*. The movie, produced by Nasso and Seagal and written by Seagal and screenwriter Jim Carabatsos, was to have begun principal shooting earlier this year but was shelved when Fox withdrew financing. That was only the latest chapter in the picture’s complicated financing. Originally money had been raised by Joseph John. Having caught the movie bug, John wanted to produce Seagal’s next picture. “I raised \$20 million from some of my Saudi Arabian friends,” John told SPY, “but at the last minute Steve pulled out of the deal. Nasso then called and told me, ‘We don’t need your \$20-million, we’re going to raise it from friends in Brooklyn.’” Their friends didn’t come through; just weeks later, Nasso approached John’s Saudi friends for the money. They declined. Nasso and Seagal then went to Europe to seek financing. Among the places they stopped were Switzerland and Sicily. At press time, *Man of Honor* was on indefinite hold.

What happened, SPY has been told, is that Seagal annoyed his investors with his arrogance and high-handedness, and by failing to keep certain promises. Apparently his friends withheld their financing for *Man of Honor* as a way of giving Seagal a *schiaffo*—a slap in the face—so that in the future he would remember who’s who and what’s what.

Meanwhile, Jerry Ciauri’s acting career is going nowhere fast.

THERE IS AN OUTSIDE CHANCE THAT ALL OF SEAGAL’S POSTURINGS, FROM his phony CIA stories to his real association with people of distinctly murky background, are the result of nothing more than obsession—that Steven Seagal has never been even remotely involved in the profession of war or murder; that he would never follow through on a threat or even a plan to whack someone; that he associates with the murky ones simply because that’s the way he gets his kicks. That, in short, Steven Seagal is one sick hombre—a violence groupie.

But what makes Seagal of heightened interest are the specific terms and circumstances of his advancement.

Seagal’s ascent was and has been guided by one man. And this raises intriguing questions. Why would so shrewd an operator as Mike Ovitz, at the height of his Hollywood power, undertake to promote Seagal’s career so visibly? Some private motivation? Did Professor Ovitz see Seagal as a kind of action-movie Eliza Doolittle? Or did other considerations balance out the obvious limitations of Seagal’s talent? Was Ovitz aware of his protégé’s background and provenance at the outset? If not, why would he not distance himself from Seagal once they became more apparent? These are just some of the questions SPY hopes to have answered in the very near future. **D**

OUT IN JU

In a legal maneuver that bears all the earmarks of prior restraint, Steven Seagal attempted to head off publication of this then-unwrit-

April 2

Seagal’s attorney, Martin Singer, calls Connolly and menacingly accuses him of defaming Seagal by telling people that Seagal, among other things,

- is a drug addict
- is a murderer.

Connolly flatly denies these accusations and tells Singer he has never heard of these fabrications, much less repeated them.

Singer offers to get Connolly on the set of Seagal’s next film in Alaska.

Nonetheless, Seagal repeatedly rejects Connolly’s requests for an interview.

April 16

Seagal’s preemptive strike begins formally with the filing of a slander lawsuit alleging that Connolly made false statements in interviews, including

- “that Seagal associates with and is close friends with individuals who have committed murder and/or have conspired to commit murder”

FOR TICE

ten article by suing reporter John Connolly while he was exercising his First Amendment rights in gathering information for this article.

■ "that Seagal has been involved in a conspiracy to commit murder"

■ "that Seagal is affiliated with and friends with individuals who have ties to organized crime groups."

May 21

Connolly asks for a dismissal of the complaint because it fails to specify words allegedly spoken or the people to whom they were said.

June 4

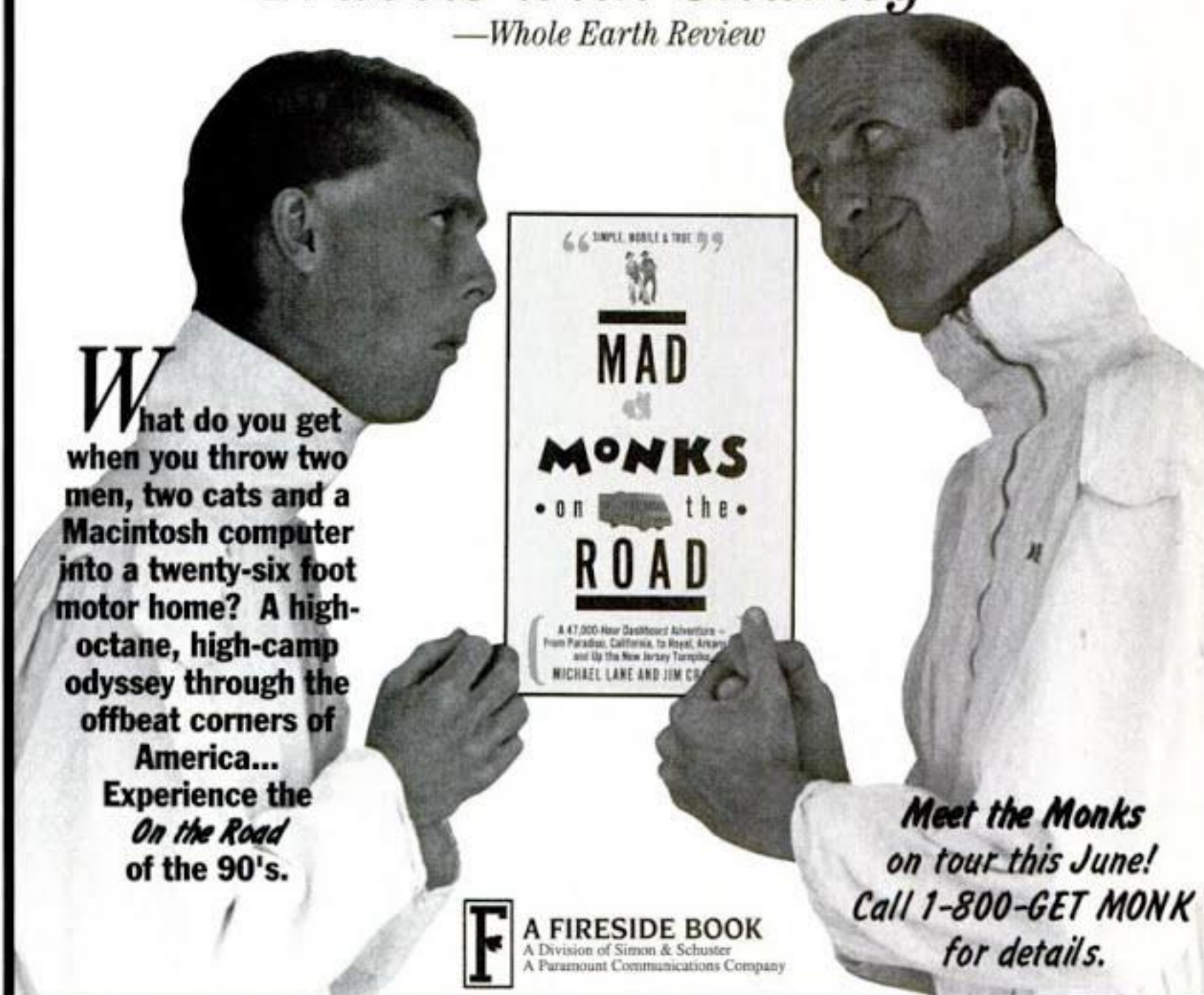
Connolly begins to serve subpoenas on

- Jenny Leimbrook, Seagal's former assistant
- Adrienne La Russa, his second wife
- Julius Nasso, his partner
- Warner Bros., his studio
- Steamroller Entertainment, his and Nasso's production company
- Michael Ovitz, his agent.

At press time, the case is still pending. 3

"The David Lynch version of Travels with Charley"

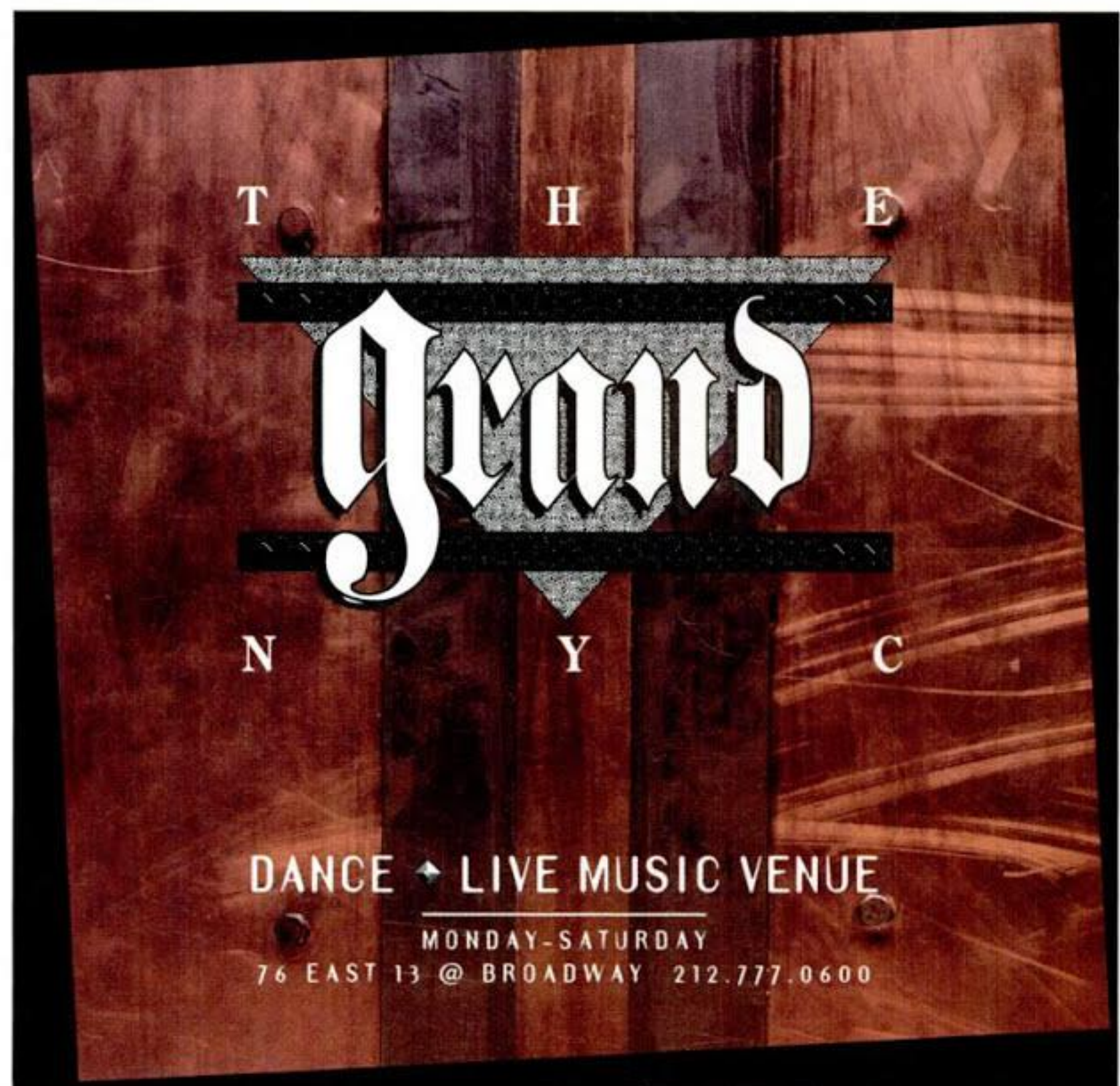
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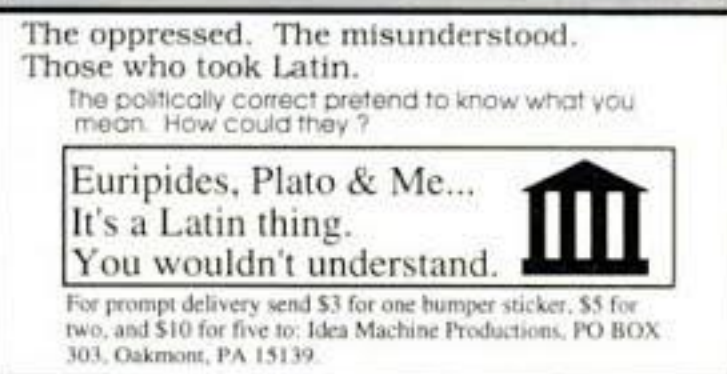
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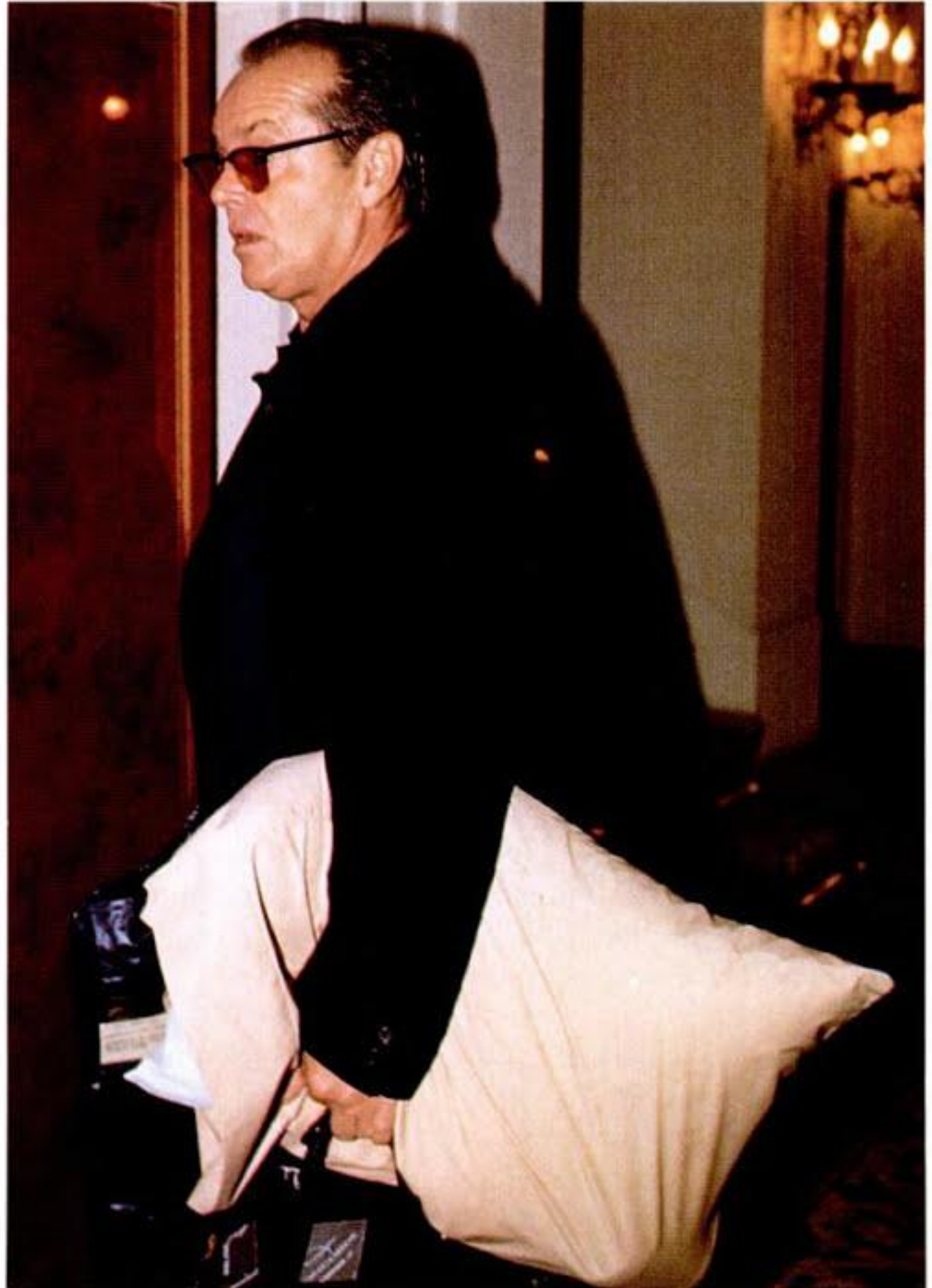
Delta Burke on a Ferris wheel: not a good idea



Linda Bloodworth-Thomason and Harry Thomason take time out to pose as a couple.



Anjelica Huston, not looking her best



Pillow Man Jack Nicholson arriving at a hotel for a little shut-eye

Goodnight, Moon

It's Just Hanging There

Not Selling Anything

by Roy Blount Jr.

The first commercial moon will be only a mile wide, *The New York Times* Science section reported recently, but it will be a lot closer to us—only 180 miles away—than what I guess we are going to have to start calling *the* Moon. As a result, it will “appear to be somewhere between the size of the full moon and the size of a half moon,” according to the *Times*, and it may well outshine the Moon. It won't be round, nor a crescent. It will be shaped like a billboard.

That's all it will be, say its detractors: an orbiting billboard. Its developers—a space-research lab, the University of Colorado and an outfit called Space Marketing Inc. of Roswell, Georgia—prefer to call it an Environmental Space Platform. When it is launched in 1996, the developers say, its purpose will be to study Earth's atmosphere. It will be supported, however, by commercial sponsors, who in return will be able to use its logo in their advertising. The logo will be what we'll see as the moonoid orbits by.

According to the *Times*, the bill-moon will be seen over any given spot on Earth for only ten minutes at a time, and it won't be visible at all in the middle of the night; after 20 days it will reenter Earth's atmosphere and burn up. It will be made not of cheesy rocky stuff like the public moon but of a thin Mylar film, with reflective bits to provide the promotional shining. For all I know, the logo will be nearly as tastefully shaped as the Moon itself (Roswell, Georgia, is an upscale part of Greater Atlanta).

But you and I know that this

moonlet is only the tip of the marketingberg. The concept will continue to rise, and wax. The day will come when the man in the moon is Marky Mark.

Many commercial moons from now we'll be looking at bigger and brighter moons, which will be downcasting more and more messages from corporations hosting fiercely competitive diversions. We'll have all-news moons, infomercial moons, scrambled pay-per-view adult-entertainment moons....

And the Moon, the old silent black-and-white moon, will fade, and fade, until eventually—in response to preservationist sentiment—we'll have to light it, and you *know* taxpayers aren't going to shoulder the entire expense. Proposals will be drafted to privatize a sector of the crusty old body, the silver-appled ghostly galleon. But

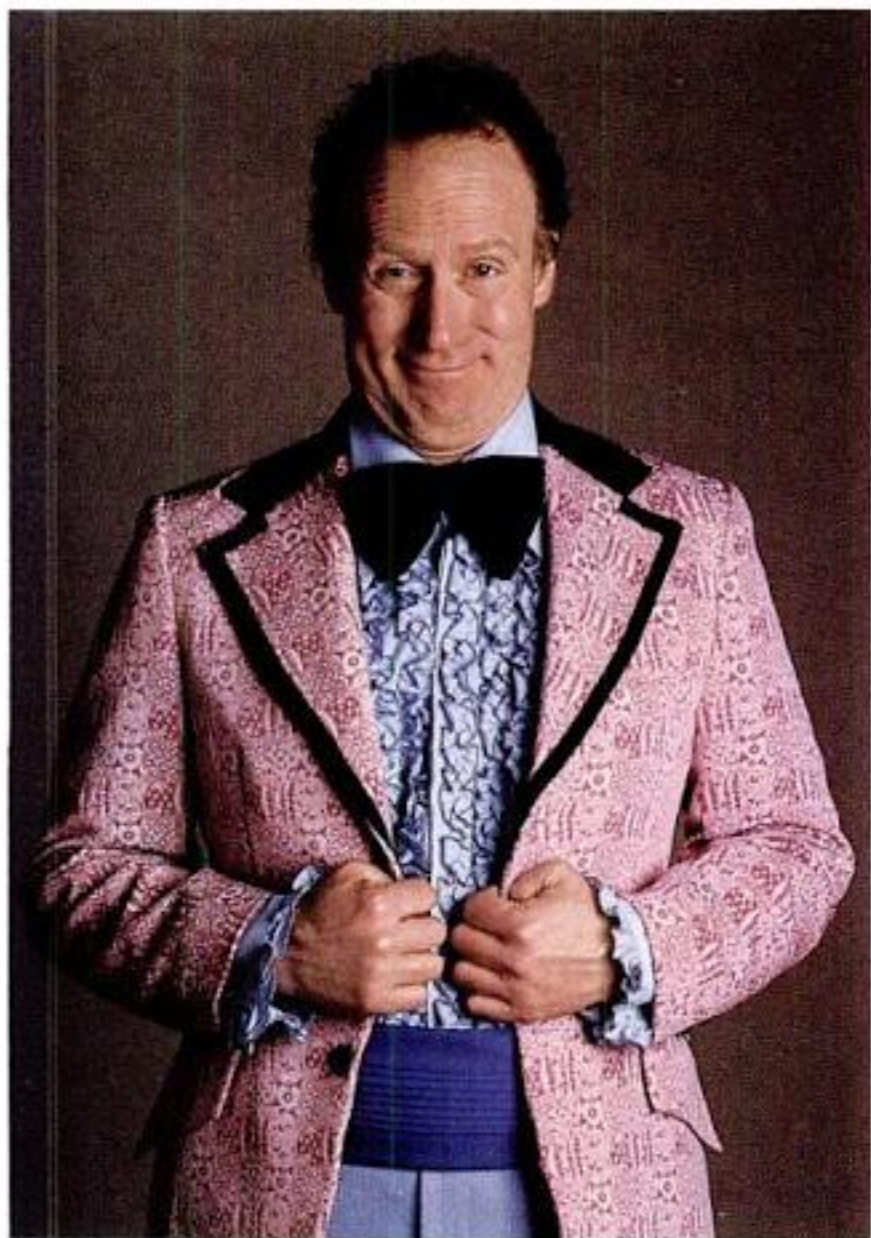
think how expensive it was just to put a couple of guys on it! There will be Moon tote bags and fundraising marathons. Perhaps a host of good-sport superstars will lend their radiances to the cause: When the \$1-million mark is reached, Tom Arnold will moon us; at \$2 million, Roseanne; at \$3 million, Marla Maples Trump. Well, maybe not in that sequence—there are bound to be order-of-magnitude problems.

The Moon will become a political football. Republicans will be running against it: Why should Joe Six-pack have to pay for such an elitist extravagance as the old gray boring Moon, when there are plenty of new, entertaining, revenue-producing moons—moons that pull their own weight—to choose from? Democrats, to placate environmentalists as well as the vital middle, will come up with tortuously centrist reasons for funding the Moon. But then they'll be taken off the hook when data—gathered and beamed into every home on Earth by the vastly expanded Environmental Space Platform Channel—indicates that natural moonlight is carcinogenic.

Maybe I'm an alarmist, and a romantic to boot. The chief concern reflected in the *Times* story was that increased light in the heavens will interfere with astronomers' observations. But I can't help wondering about the effect on tides, harvests, menstruation, lunacy, coyotes and song lyrics. At the millennium, there will be nostalgia not for the Moon as we know it today but for the old-fashioned soft-sell discretion of the '96 logoboard:

**Why should
Joe Six-pack
have to pay for the
old Moon when
there are plenty of
new moons that pull
their own weight?**

It was only a Mylar moon
In a yet-underutilized sky,
But it didn't keep naggin' you 'n'
Me to buy to buy to buy. ☾



(Bad)

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